SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY G. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

NO. 537. FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 15TH, 1899. [ONE PENNY.

DON'T SPOIL

THE SHIP FOR A HA'PORTH OF TAR.

You can show your common sense much better than that. A Ha'porth of Tar is soon bought, and great and beneficial results accrue if it is used on a leaky ship. To let the ship sink for so small an outlay, is to be as wise as Simple Simon, and reap a great and irreparable loss. But in other departments besides ships and tarring, men and women do strange things. Fancy a man letting his health go to ruin for the sake of a few pence, and yet people who suffer from Indigestion, Wind on the Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, etc., often let the golden opportunity slip, and refuse to buy Page Woodcock's Wind Pills. Well, if they do, the loss is their's not ours, for thousands will, and do buy them, for we now make Seven Millions of Pills (not Boxes) per year.

An Ex-Mayor of the City of Lincoln said to a friend: "I had a nasty Bilious attack last night. At such times I always take Page Woodcock's Wind Pills, and am soon right again." P.S.—Send us a post-card for the Ex-Mayor's name.

Page Woodcock's Wind Pills being purely Vegetable, Tasteless, and Mild and Tonic in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex.

All sufferers from Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Wind on the Stomach, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Nervous Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Biliousness, etc, should avail themselves of this most excellent Medicine.

Page Woodcock's Wind Pills are sold by all Medicine Vendors at 1/1½ and 2/9; post free for price by Page Woodcock, Lincoln.

10/6 BUY DIRECT FROM Allen Foster & Co SOLE MAKERS OF THE 'ALFOSCO' COSTUMES BY PARCEL POST. 10/6

A Bargain in Costume Skirts. Made in a good Black and Navy Serge lined throughout, price only 3/11, carriage 3d. extra.

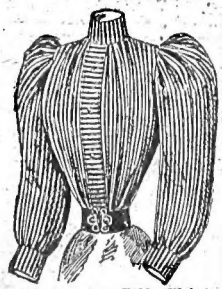
Design No. 97. 10/6

Design No. 97. 10/6. Patterns & Sketches post free. Design No. 97.—Half a Guinea.—Design No. 97 is the smart and fashionable Chesterfield Coat and Skirt. It consists of a tailor-made single-breasted coat, with velvet collar, and full, well-made skirt. This smart Costume is made in the smooth-faced Venetian Cloth or in the famous Speciality Serge for Half a Guinea Costume complete. Carriage paid, 6d. extra. The Skirt alone can be had at 5/6; carriage, 5d. Colours in either cloth are: Black, Navy, Electric, Blue-Grey, Myrtle, Brown, Fawn, Bronze-Green, Moss, Dark Grey, Purple. When ordering, please give measurement round bust (under arms), length of sleeve inside, size of waist, and length of Skirt in front.

Design No. 94. 10/6 Carriage Paid 6d. extra.

Design No. 94. HALF A GUINEA.

ALL PATTERNS AND PARTICULARS POST FREE.



Design No. 94 is a truly marvellous creation as a Costume. It stands unrivalled in point of value, style, and appearance—acknowledged everywhere the best Half-Guinea Costume of the Season. It is produced in the excellent Venetian Cloth or in the Speciality Serge—two grand cloths, unsurpassed for wear and durability. It is a velvet trimmed Costume with bodice and sleeves lined. It has a pretty pleated front and fits tight to the figure. The skirt is cut full and well-made. Truly marvellous value, and only Half a Guinea. Costume complete. Carriage paid, 6d. extra; or Skirt alone, 5/6; carriage 6d. extra.

LADIES' SILK SHIRTS.

A Great Bargain in Ladies' Fancy Striped Silk Shirts, the best line on the market, Price only 6/11 (usual retail price 8/11), carefully packed in cardboard box, and sent, carriage paid, 4d. extra. Colours: Pink, Cerise, Sky, Mauve, Light Heliotrope, Blue, Light Green, Dark Heliotrope. Also a very good line in Silk Shirts, same colours, at 5/6. Carriage 4d. extra. Send for one. Money refunded if not approved.

ALLEN FOSTER & CO.,

The London Manufacturers,

17 ROSCOE STREET, GOLDEN LANE, LONDON, E.C.

COFFEE WITHOUT DREGS.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S

An agreeable, stimulating and sustaining beverage. Instantly prepared and most economical. Equal to the very finest coffee. Highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

Of all Grocers and Stores, or a Sample Bottle post free for 9 stamps.

ALSO TRY

MASON'S WINE ESSENCES

AND

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

Sample Bottle of either sent free for 9d.; two assorted 1/3; three assorted 1/8.

Agents Wanted.

Manufacturers—

NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

By Special Appointment
Makers to Her Majesty.

Borax Dry Soap

is pure, antiseptic soap in fine powder, dissolving immediately in cold, warm, or hot water, and ready for instant use. The safest, purest, and best soap for washing clothes. Sold in ¼lb., ½lb., and 1lb. packets by grocers everywhere.

Write for "Borax Household Book," free.

The Patent Borax Co., Ltd.,
Ladywood, Birmingham. No. 14.

ZOX

CURES

NEURALGIA

Toothache, Headache, Sciatica, and all Nerve Pains.

PURE, HARMLESS, AND NON-APERIENT.

Do not be persuaded to take a substitute, there is nothing as good as ZOX.

Of all Chemists, 1s. and 2s. 6d. per Box.

ZOX Co., 11 Hatton Garden, E.C.

£20

Hairdressers fitted up. Estimates free.

Tobacconists Commencing. See Illd. Guide (259 pages) 3d. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £2,000 Tobacconists Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Road, London. The largest and original house (50 years reputation. Mgr., H. Myers

100 PACKETS showy Flower Seeds, 1/6; unequalled anywhere.

DANIEL STONE, LOUDWATER, BUCKS.

VARICOCELE.

Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles, or Varicose Veins, should send for treatise, describing their Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment without surgical operation or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free.

S. S. MURRAY,
7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

JUNO CYCLES

LISTS POST FREE

ARE THE VERY BEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE.

Carriage Paid. Cash Discount.

Write for New Season's List.

JUNO Cycles and Accessories sent Post Free.

Road Racer, £10. 16s. 8d. Monthly

	Monthly		Monthly		Monthly
£10	16/8	£12	20/-	£14 14s.	24/6
£10 10s.	17/6	£12 12s.	21/-	£15 15s.	26/3

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO. Ltd.,
Juno Cycle School & Works, 75, 76, Bishopsgate Street, Without, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

Typewriters, £9 9s. 15s. 9d. Monthly.

You will be pleased with CHANCELLOR SOAPS.

That's why we want YOU to try them. As First Prize we offer a £300 HOUSE, and hundreds of other prizes. By using Chancellor Soaps and saving your wrappers till June you get the best and cheapest Soaps extant, you may get the House or a 50 guinea Piano, you will probably get a splendid Lady's Silver Watch, or if not you must get a money Prize.

Every Competitor gets one.
GET A BAR TO-DAY!

Won't You?

Send 4d. for Sample Bar

GIVEN AWAY

HUNDREDS OF POUNDS IN PRIZES - EVERY COMPETITOR GETS ONE OR A £300 HOUSE

LIBERAL PAYMENT FOR WRAPPERS. PARTICULARS WITH EACH 2½d AND 3d BAR.

CHANCELLOR SOAPS

to 13 Clerkenwell Road, London.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

INVESTED FUNDS

£10,000,000.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

C. BRANDAUER & Co's
CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

These series of pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. An assorted sample box for 7 stamps from the works, Birmingham.

SHORT STORIES

No. 537.] [ONE PENNY.

For the Week ending April 15th, 1899.

A Romance of a Miniature.

WHEN Eleanor Worth was only six years old she had spent a memorable day with her grandmother. They had driven to a quaint old-fashioned house in some forgotten corner of the county, and there they had lingered for many hours with a dear little old lady.

Eleanor remembered ever afterwards the strange, indescribable fragrance that pervaded the house; the rich but worn draperies at the long, narrow windows; the quaint mahogany furniture, with the clawfeet clutching so tenaciously at the brass balls that the little girl would have enjoyed rolling them over the floor could she only have taken them away.

They had all gone upstairs together to a great square bedroom, where a fourpost, draped bedstead filled the heart of the little girl with awe. The sweet strange fragrance of the room below followed them here also, and Eleanor's fascinated eyes had wandered about eagerly again.

At last, as she stood by the dressing-table, they fell upon the miniature lying upon it.

It was the portrait of a young man with eager, dark eyes that looked straight up at the inquisitive little girl bending over them. He had dark hair, too—wavy, careless hair—and heavy eyebrows quite as dark. His complexion was ruddy, the nose and mouth delicately moulded, and a suggestion of a smile played about his lips.

Eleanor did not take in all the details, perhaps, but the face stamped itself indelibly upon her childish memory. The young man wore the high stock and quaint coat of his day; and the miniature, which was beautifully

All rights reserved.]

Digitized by Google

executed, was secured in a gold setting with a loop at the top through which passed a small gold chain.

Eleanor carefully turned it over. In the back of the setting, beneath an oval of glass, were two locks of hair, dark and fair; and beneath these were engraved the initials: "R. A."

The little girl was still gazing at the pictured face when her grandmother called her away, and they went down the dim staircase again, and bade good-bye to the little, quaint old lady and left the house.

"I expect you're sleepy," Grandma had said, but Eleanor only shook her head.

It had been like a visit to a story-book land to her. All night she dreamed of the face in the little gold case—only it had become a little boy's face then, and they—the little boy and Eleanor—were sitting on the floor in the fragrant parlour rolling the gold balls.

As Eleanor grew older and began to read fairy tales the wonderful prince of the several stories always had flashing dark eyes and a merry mouth, and invariably wore a black stock; and when she had grown older still and indulged in an occasional love story, her favourite hero—no matter after what pattern he had originally been drawn—always appeared to her with the face of her childhood's dream.

She was hardly conscious of this herself. She had never visited the strange little old lady again; she did not remember her name, and seldom thought of that day; but once in a while it would all come back like a vision at the sight of a mahogany table, and ancient candlestick, or at the musty odour of an old book.

When Eleanor was twenty, her father offered to refurnish her room as a birthday gift, and the girl chose to go down to the auction rooms and old stores, and gather together strange bits of mahogany and *bric-à-brac* instead of the new things which her less esthetic father would himself have selected for her.

One bright morning early in spring Miss Worth set out to do some necessary shopping, and perchance, to look out for fresh curios for her room. Her mind was chiefly absorbed in planning a new dress, but as she started across the common a new impulse seized her, and she found herself irresistibly drawn in another direction. A few minutes later she was entering the low door of a small curio shop, and the proprietor looked up eagerly at her as she went towards him.

"Ah! Miss Worth. I was just hoping you would step in this morning. I have something that I am sure will interest you."

He pushed towards her a cardboard box in which, upon a piece of cotton, lay a miniature.

Miss Worth returned the old man's salutation smilingly, and took up the new treasure with interest, but as she glanced at it a wondering exclamation broke from her lips, and the colour left her face.

"Where did you get this?" she asked quickly, and sitting down suddenly in a chair.

Looking up at her from the little miniature case in her hand was the face of the hero of her childhood. She could not mistake it.

"Where did you get this?" she repeated, and the old man looked troubled.

"Have you seen it before, Miss Worth? I hope nothing is wrong. An elderly lady brought it here last night, and was very anxious to sell it. She said it was hers, and I felt no doubt——"

"What was she like?" interrupted Eleanor, eagerly.

"Why, she was rather elderly," faltered the old man, whose powers of description were rather limited.

"Did she have very soft white hair and a little face with pale-blue eyes? And did she wear black silk with old lace, and——?"

"Well, well, I think so, I think so," assented the old man. "I didn't pay much heed."

"Did she leave her name and address?" went on Miss Worth quite anxiously.

"No," replied the shopkeeper, "she only said she must sell the miniature, and asked what I could give her for it. She told me the artist's name and I recognised it as genuine."

"And you don't know where she lives? Oh, if grandmother were only living, she would know! How could she part with this? It is the same miniature—the same one."

She turned it over in her hand as she spoke. Yes, there in the back of the setting, under the oval glass surrounded by the little gold beading were the two locks of hair, and beneath, engraved in the gold, the initials "R. A."

"At how much do you value this?" asked Miss Worth at length, gazing with deepening colour into the dark eyes of the pictured face.

The old man named the price.

"I can't get it to-day," sighed the girl, laying it back in the little box, "but I must have it. Would you keep it for me till to-morrow?"

Eleanor Worth hurried home, the new dress forgotten in this strange discovery. Again she lived over that dim day of her childhood; again the old dreams returned, and she was in feverish haste to question her mother and to find some means of making the miniature her very own.

"It is my birthday to-morrow," she said, "and if only Uncle John's cheque comes as usual I shall be all right."

Uncle John's cheque was awaiting her, a most happy surprise; but when Eleanor questioned her mother as to the little old lady she was much disappointed, her mother knew nothing.

The next day the miniature was in her possession. Passing through the gold ring a long, slender chain that had been her grandmother's, and fastening this about her neck, she tucked the treasure in her belt, as it had doubtless been worn in the dim past by some happy woman with fair hair like the little lock under the glass.

Eleanor fell to dreamily imagining that she was that woman, and intensely enjoyed the bit of make-believe in half ashamed secrecy.

That evening a young man came to call on Miss Worth—a young man of most excellent family, a promising young barrister—"everything that could be desired," whispered Mrs. Worth to herself, as she greeted him with much cordiality.

His attentions to Eleanor had been greatly approved by everyone but Eleanor herself. "She is so indifferent to men," sighed her mother.

That evening Miss Worth seemed more than ever absent-minded, and her annoyed mother, to cover an awkward pause in the conversation, unwittingly gave the young man's hopes their death-blow.

"Have you shown Mr. Thorpe your miniature, Eleanor?" she asked. "My daughter has a foolish craze for antiques," she added indulgently, as the girl reluctantly drew out her treasure for inspection.

She glanced at it as she did so. Never had the eager, handsome face appealed to her more strongly; and she looked up from it to meet Mr. Thorpe's cold blue eyes, politely interested in the miniature for her sake. Never

Digitized by Google

had his really handsome face appeared less attractive to her.

When he had looked at it, Eleanor quickly possessed herself of the miniature again and tucked it out of sight.

* * * * *

"Eleanor Worth, I really believe you are in love with that thing!"

It was a bright, vivacious little lady who spoke, and she was curled up in a corner of Eleanor's window-seat.

Eleanor was seated at her desk—a strange, beautiful old mahogany desk—her head resting on one hand, and she was gazing abstractedly at the miniature, which hung on a small brass hook before her.

She smiled in an amused way, at her friend's chatter.

"Yes," she admitted, "I have been in love with it ever since I was six years old."

"Well, I think it's a pity," responded the other. "He's handsome, to be sure, but you have gazed on his beauty so long that you don't appreciate any other type. Gordon Thorpe is just as good-looking, but you can't see it."

"Nonsense, Molly, I'm not a goose," said Eleanor flushing. "You don't suppose——"

"Yes I do," retorted Molly. "If it wasn't for that miniature I honestly believe you would have opened your eyes before now to Gordon's merits, and appreciated your good fortune."

Eleanor laughed, but it was an annoyed laugh, nevertheless.

"Come, tell me about the costume ball; have you decided yet what to wear," she asked hastily.

Her friend looked at her sharply; Eleanor had her oddities, they all knew that; she was such a dreamer, and had so many notions, but then, she was "a dear" for all that, and—what use to puzzle over her oddness?

"The ball? Oh, yes!" Molly was all animation in a minute. "I'm going as Mary, Queen of Scots, for I can get up the sweetest costume you ever saw. What will you wear, Eleanor?"

"A dress of my great-grandmother that has been a family treasure for years. It is a blue brocade."

"How lovely, and you can wear that miniature, too. It will be just the thing."

"Yes; perhaps I shall," said Eleanor carelessly. "I couldn't get up any fancy dress—it isn't in my line—and I've always wanted a chance to wear the brocade. I tried it on to-day and it fits beautifully. I'll show it to you—if you want to see it."

Of course Molly wanted to see it, and the two girls were soon eagerly discussing and planning.

The night before the great costume ball Eleanor was visited by the old dream. Again she was in the dim fragrant parlour with the young man of the miniature, but they were not children rolling balls now. Instead, she wore her grandmother's blue brocade, and he was arrayed in the picturesque dress of his day, and was pouring all the golden balls into her lap. She looked up into his eyes, but as he began to speak she awoke to the sense of the fading fragrance, and a disappointment that she had not heard what he was going to say.

The dream lingered with her all the next day, and when she was arrayed for the ball that evening she went over to her desk and looked into the eyes of the miniature.

"Shall I take you?" she said, "or shall I leave you here? If I let you go with me will you tell me what you were going to say last night when I woke up? Will you bring me the golden balls as you did last night?"

"Why, who were you talking to, Eleanor?" asked her mother, coming in, her arms full of wraps for the evening.

"Oh, just to—myself," replied the girl hastily, slipping the gold chain over her head and holding the miniature in the bosom of her old-fashioned gown.

Upon reaching the hall, Mrs. Worth was soon comfortably installed among the other chaperones, and her daughter, not loth to gaze on the beauties about her, accepted Mr. Thorpe's invitation to join the gay groups who were wandering happily up and down.

"Oh, isn't this delightful!" exclaimed Eleanor, her cheeks glowing.

She felt very much at home in the blue brocade, and she was sure that a high tortoiseshell comb and slightly powdered hair were becoming. Then it was all so like a bit of an old fairy tale; the strange and beautiful costumes, the bold knights and fair ladies—it was like a dream.

"What a relief it is to see all you men in something different to tiresome black and white," she exclaimed impulsively.

"I don't see why men shouldn't wear colours now, as our great-grandparents used to do."

Mr. Thorpe, who did not feel at home in his costume, protested in favour of the conventional evening dress, but murmured some complimentary remarks concerning the blue brocade. Eleanor waved them aside very impatiently.

"Oh, you are blind," she said. "Give me the ruffled shirt-front, the brocaded waistcoat and blue or scarlet coat of long ago. It is like a dream to-night—" She raised her eyes as she spoke, and the words died on her lips, for she saw *him*.

He was coming towards her—a man in the dress she had described, a man with dark, eager eyes, and a smile upon his lips. He was talking earnestly to his partner, but he looked up, and Eleanor's glance met his for an instant—speechless wonder in her eyes, surprised admiration in his.

Her fingers tightened on her partner's arm, and he turned quickly, alarmed at the sudden pallor of her face. "Miss Worth, are you ill?" he asked anxiously. "Let me——"

"No, no!" she whispered quickly; "just let me sit down a moment—there in that quiet corner—and would you get my fan? It is nothing, nothing. I shall be all right in a moment or two. Don't worry."

Mr. Thorpe left her in the flowery shelter, and hastened for the fan and her mother.

The colour came back to the girl's cheeks as she found herself alone—grateful for the few moments solitude in which to collect her thoughts and quiet her leaping pulses.

She put her hand to her head. Was she dreaming? Could she be mad? Surely, surely she had looked into the eyes—into the living, eager eyes of the original of her miniature—the eyes she knew so well!

There could be no mistake. Had not that face lived in her heart since she was a mere child? With trembling fingers she drew out the miniature and gazed at it earnestly; then from her shelter she looked timidly forth in search of the apparition of a few minutes since. Gordon Thorpe was approaching, the fan in his hand, her mother on his arm.

"Eleanor—" she began in an alarmed tone of voice, but the girl laughed.

"Don't be anxious, mamma; it was just a little attack. Thank you, Mr. Thorpe. No, I don't want to go home," as her mother began to protest. "I am all right now, and wouldn't miss the ball for anything."

Before Mrs. Worth could say more, two men drew near, one an old friend of her husband, the other—

Digitized by Google

Eleanor drew a deep breath, and steadied herself by leaning against the back of her chair.

"Mrs. Worth," began the elder gentleman, "may I present you to my young friend, Mr. Allston? Robert Allston, of Aberdeen. Miss Worth, Mr. Allston."

The young man bowed low, and both ladies responded graciously, although the younger one's eyes fell shyly as she met his bright, eager glance.

"Allston, Allston," repeated Mrs. Worth. "Ah, you don't belong to the Allstons I know. My mother had a dear friend, a Miss Allston."

"I think it probable that I do belong to the same family, madam," replied the young man in a rich, pleasant voice. "My paternal grandfather was born in this country, I believe, and my great-aunt, Miss Emily Allston, died here not a year ago."

"Why, that was the name of mother's friend," said Mrs. Worth. "It is strange I had forgotten; but then, one has so many demands on one's time in these days, and I really can't remember half my own acquaintances." She laughed uneasily, feeling that she had betrayed indifference towards her mother's old friend, and hastened to add: "I hope you are to remain here some time, Mr. Allston. It will give us pleasure to see you at our home, and——"

The orchestra began to play a dreamy waltz, and the hall was filling.

Mr. Allston thanked Mrs. Worth for her hospitality, and turned to her daughter.

"Miss Worth, may I have the honour of dancing this with you?" he asked.

And Eleanor stepped forward.

"Do you think you ought to dance?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"Of course; I am all right now," replied the girl quickly. "Don't feel uneasy."

"But you were faint," argued the mother.

"You need have no fear, Mrs. Worth," interrupted the young man, "I will take care of her."

And waiting for no further protest he led Eleanor away.

His decided manner made her heart beat fast.

Being of a pliant nature herself, she delighted in strong spirited characters. Young Lochinvar and his like had ever been favourite heroes of hers; the men she knew were too deferring, too yielding, to please her; but this Robert Allston did not belie his looks in the least.

"Is he the prince of the fairy tales?" she whispered to herself. "Am I a dreamer, or a wide-awake, rational person?"

She felt the colour flooding her face, and looked up to meet her partner's gaze.

They had waltzed to the other end of the hall, and stopped dancing. He led her to a quiet seat in a green corner.

"I must keep my promise to your mother," he said, smiling, "and I want to talk—don't you?"

It was the first time he had really spoken directly to her, except to ask her to dance. Suddenly Eleanor's fluttering ceased. She felt perfectly quiet and at home Why not? Was she not with an old, old friend? Had she not been waiting to meet him all her life?

"Yes, I do want to talk," she said, looking up earnestly. "I want to ask you about your great-aunt who lived here."

Mr. Allston smiled, that little amused smile she knew.

"I am not sure I had her in mind," he said, opening and closing Eleanor's great fan, "but I am very willing to listen."

"Was she a dear little old lady with a small pale face?" began the girl, "and did she live in a strange old house that smelt always of——"

"My dear Miss Worth, I'm afraid I cannot answer your questions satisfactorily. I never saw my great-aunt, but I don't doubt your description is correct. As to the house—but why are you so interested?"

"Ah, because I spent a day with her once—I am sure it must have been with her—when I was a little girl, you know, and it was all so sweet and dim and beautiful, I have remembered it ever since. It was there I first saw——" She stopped suddenly, a hot blush surging over her face.

"Did you," she went on again in a few moments, "did you ever visit your aunt when you were a child? Did you ever wish to play with the brass balls on her claw-foot furniture—or to run about her big rooms? But you say you never saw her. I forgot that."

The young man looked decidedly puzzled.

"Miss Worth, I confess you are reading me riddles," he said, laughing. "Will you explain what you mean?"

"I was only thinking of that day when I was a child. Some time perhaps——"

She paused, for Mr. Thorpe stood before her.

"This is my dance, I believe," he said, and she could only smile at the annoyed flash that shone in Robert Allston's eyes, and consent to be led away.

When she saw her mother, later in the evening, that lady said, abruptly:

"Eleanor, who does Mr. Allston remind me of? I've been watching him all the evening. He's a handsome fellow, but there is a resemblance to somebody. It puzzles me."

"Did you ever know his father or grandfather?" asked Miss Worth, carelessly. "It may be some family resemblance."

"His grandfather was an old man when I knew him; perhaps this young man is like him—but it isn't that I am thinking of."

Eleanor did not suggest the miniature, but it had not left her thoughts for a moment. Should she confide in the new-comer and surrender her treasure?

There was no time for further thought then; he was coming towards her, a favour in his hand—a string of gilt balls which he smilingly dropped in her lap.

In a flash her dream of the night before came to her. She fastened the favour on her dress as she arose. She would not let him fade away as he had faded in the dream.

They had not waltzed long when she said suddenly: "Mr. Allston, would you mind sitting out this dance? There are several questions I must ask you."

"About—my great-aunt?" he asked.

"Yes," said Eleanor, as they sat down; "it is very unconventional, perhaps, to bother you with such strange things at a first meeting, but you do not seem like a stranger. I feel that I have known you a long time—because—ah, you will think me very personal, but you will understand by-and-by. Are you like your father or grandfather, Mr. Allston? I have a particular reason for wishing to know if you are."

She looked up with a daring little smile that was almost bewitching to the man who was gazing at her with puzzled admiration. She was very different from any girl he had ever met before.

"Well," he said, with that little half-suppressed smile, "I believe I am said to be a 'true Allston' whatever that may mean."

"And your christian name is—Robert?"

She said it with a shy lowering of the voice that made him exclaim impulsively, "Oh, say it again!" but Miss Worth paid no heed to his request.

Digitized by Google

"R. A.," she repeated as to herself. "And your grandmother—did she have have light hair?"

"That I cannot say," replied the young man, "I only remember it as grey."

"That brings me to the miniature," she went on again, as to herself. "There can be no doubt now."

"The miniature?" he repeated after her.

"Pray, Miss Worth, when are you to give me the answer to your riddles? I confess to being consumed with curiosity."

"I saw it at your aunt's that day when I was a little child," she went on. "It was lying on her dressing-table. It must have been a miniature of your grandfather. Did you never see it?"

"No; all those things were left with Aunt Emily in the old house, and now—" He paused, for Eleanor had drawn out the miniature and laid it in his hand.

"So that is my grandfather!" he exclaimed, looking down at the eager face.

"And it might easily be yourself—to-night," she added smiling.

"Might it? Then that accounts for your questioning."

He turned the little case over. "R.A.," he read. "And here are two locks of hair. My grandmother's the light one, of course. It is the colour of yours. Well, perhaps, I do look like this portrait, in my present rig. I found it in Aunt Emily's attic, by-the-way. That is what made me decide to come to-night."

"And are you staying in that dear old house?" questioned Eleanor delightedly. "Oh, I remember it so well."

Robert Allston smiled a little sadly.

"I fear you would find only the fragrance of damp and mould there now," he said, "and nearly all the old things have dropped to pieces or gone."

"Ah, yes; and the dear little old lady, she is gone, too. No; I should not want to go again. I should rather keep it the dream house it has always been to me."

"But how did you come by this miniature, Miss Worth?" he asked suddenly. "Did she give it to you?"

"No. I found it in a curiosity-shop last spring. I have a love for antiques, you know," she added hastily, "and when I saw this it called up that day of my childhood, and I felt I must buy it. Then, too, I was always hoping I might find the dear little old lady again and give it back to her; but the man did not know her address, and mamma couldn't remember anything about it. Oh, how could she have sold it, Mr. Allston? Pardon me, but it is such a mystery."

"It need be no mystery," he replied, with a touch of pride in his voice. "My aunt was supposed to have a good income, and my father never knew till after her death that she had lost much of her property, and was really in great need at the end. Instead of applying to him, or even hinting of it in her letters, she began to sell the furniture and things—you see, they were old and valuable, and it was probable that her mind was affected, too, for she was very old."

"Poor little old lady, poor little dear!" exclaimed the girl pityingly. "To think of her all alone in that sweet old house, and actually brought to selling the treasures of generations! Oh, it is too pitiful!"

"We did not know; we thought all was well," he said, as though he felt reproach in her words. "She had a faithful attendant with her, and we never dreamt of the loneliness in which she must have lived, forgotten by her friends—nay, they are probably all dead, too. My father is an invalid, and has not left home for years. That is why I was sent here to settle Aunt Emily's affairs after her death, and——"

"To find you," he was going to add. Then he remembered he had only met her that evening.

Eleanor dashed away the mist that had clouded her eyes.

"It seems that I have been keeping this for you, then," she said, and with the prettiest little gesture in the world she surrendered the miniature, stifling a regretful sigh meanwhile.

"No," he said quickly, "it is yours. I have no right; I do not wish—pray keep it; for the present, at any rate," he pleaded. "It is part of your costume, you know, to-night," and he smiled again, but added more gravely: "Some day, perhaps——"

"Ah, Mr. Allston, I have wanted to speak to you again."

It was Mrs. Worth's voice that broke in upon the *tête-à-tête*.

"I am so glad to have met a descendant of my mother's old friends, and I hope we may see more of you. Will you dine with us to-morrow? We are to have a few friends with us."

Robert Allston accepted the invitation very promptly and blessed the unconscious giver. Then, bidding Eleanor good-night, he left them and they saw him no more that evening.

* * * * *

A month had passed, and it had brought a lifetime of experience to the slender girl who was making her way across the public gardens one afternoon. She had suddenly awakened to life. It tingled in her heart-throbs, it glowed in her eyes.

Oh, how good it was to be alive, to be, to do! Dreaming was sweet, but the waking reality was better; and yet they were so wholly blended, could she ever be able to distinguish one from the other?

"Am I the same girl?" she said half aloud, and then the glow on her cheeks and in her eyes deepened, for someone was coming towards her.

"Miss Eleanor, how fortunate! I was so eager to see you before I go."

"Before you go?" she repeated, looking at him.

He wore a black muffler, which seemed to take the place of the stock of the miniature, and made the likeness vivid.

"Yes; I am called home. I must leave to-night, but I could not go without seeing you—I could not."

"You mustn't stay away long—you will come back?" she murmured, a shadow passing over the glory in her eyes.

"Yes; I will come back," he said, "I will come if you will let me—oh! if you forbid, I must still come and stay near you."

Her eyes fell before his earnest gaze.

"It may seem strange—abrupt to you," he went on. "It is a month since we met. It might as well be years or hours. It is not a matter of time when we meet our own—we know them at once. Dear girl! don't turn away; I am a rash, impulsive fellow, I grant you, but I can't go without opening my heart to you. And you knew it all—you are not surprised?"

"No," said Eleanor quietly, "I am not surprised. I think I have been waiting all my life for just this moment. And, really I've known you always, you know."

She looked up, the sweet calm of happiness in her eyes, and her lover could not lift his gaze from her face.

"You were always the Prince in the story for me," she went on. "Your face has been in my heart all these years—oh yes, I know it was not really yours, but it has always been your face to me," and she laid her hand over her heart, where the miniature had lain since their first meeting. "I have been like the sleeping Princess," she said. "I have been waiting for you, Robert, and you have come to waken me to life."

Frank Silvester.

Digitized by Google

JACOB SAMUELS stood at the door of his shop, looking up and down the narrow street. Business was bad—decidedly so—and Samuels was low-spirited in consequence. During the past three days, transactions in the "second-hand" line had been very few, and in every instance the customer had been a seller—not one solitary buyer had entered the shop.

Second-hand dealers of the Hebrew persuasion are popularly looked upon as the embodiment of all that is cunning and unscrupulous; however erroneous this idea may be, there is no question that Samuels deserved to be so classified. "There is only one gentleman who can get over Samuels," once remarked a customer who had (as usual) come off very much "second best" in a deal with the old Jew; a remark which met with general approval. Only once had the Hebrew been "done," and that was by an exceptionally astute Gentile several years ago; and his neighbours and friends did not fail to remind him of it.

Lost in thought, Samuels gazed vacantly up the street; so absorbed was he that he quite forgot to keep watch on the other end of the thoroughfare, and he nearly jumped back into his shop with fright, when he felt a touch upon his shoulder.

The new-comer was a man about thirty. He was dressed in a shabby-genteel suit, but wore a pair of boots which no beggar would have considered worth picking up. He carried what appeared to be a violin in a bag of green baize.

"I understand that you lend money on valuable articles, Mr. Samuels," said the man.

"Certainly!" replied the dealer, with a furtive glance at the bag.

The man opened the bag, and drew out a violin of very ancient pattern.

"This instrument has been in our family for ages," said he. "I am not a musician, but I know that it worth a lot of money. You needn't smile," he continued, as the Jew uttered a little incredulous titter. "I am not going to ask you to lend me a large sum on it. The fact is, I have been out of work for months, and have just got a situation; I must go decently dressed, but I can't rake up any more money; yet I can't possibly go in these boots. That's the long and the short of it. Will you lend me half a sovereign on it? I will redeem it in two days."

Samuels took the violin, examined it, and played a few bars upon it. The instrument was certainly worth much more than ten shillings, and there was every probability of its not being redeemed. However, Samuels was not going to give the sum asked for the violin, if he could help it; so he began to raise objections in a plausible, gentlemanly manner—for the Jew was (unlike most of his trade) a fairly well-educated man. But, innocent as the customer appeared, he was not to be moved, and stuck doggedly to his price. Finally, Samuels agreed, on condition that the instrument should be redeemed at twelve shillings, and within two days; if not redeemed within that time it should become the property of Jacob Samuels, Esq.

The customer consented to the conditions after some hesitation, and the money was paid over, not, however, until the dealer had tried to sell the man a second-hand pair of boots worth about half what the Jew wanted for them.

"Take care of it," exclaimed the man, as he left the shop. "Keep it dry, and let it be in the light, or the wood will be injured, and I'll sue you for damages! Better let it hang in the window."

Samuels intended to examine the violin more closely after the owner had departed, but another customer—a buyer this time—came in; so he hastily hung it up in the window. His pleasure at the bargain which he succeeded in making with the second customer caused him to forget the family relic just deposited with him.

However busy a day it might be, very few persons came between twelve and one o'clock, and the second-hand dealer took advantage of this lull in business to get his midday meal in the little shop parlour. He had just finished his dinner on the following day, and had taken up the paper to have a quiet read, when he was interrupted by the tinkling of a bell, which announced the entrance of a customer. Hurrying out of his parlour, Samuels found himself face to face with an elderly man, well dressed, and wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, who had the appearance of a professional. He seemed somewhat excited.

"I should like to look at that Cremona—I mean that violin—in the window," he said, without heeding the shopkeeper's "Good morning."

The Jew pricked up his ears at the word "Cremona," but said nothing. He unhooked the instrument and

Digitized by Google

handed it to the gentleman, who (he felt sure) was a professional musician.

The old gentleman looked at it carefully, turned it this way and that in an excited manner, and finally exclaimed:

"A genuine Stradivarius, by all that's musical!"

"*Mosheh!*" exclaimed the Jew under his breath. (This, the Hebrew for Moses, was his favourite exclamation when disturbed by any kind of emotion). He knew what a "genuine Stradivarius" meant.

"Where's the bow?" asked the musician.

"Here it is, sir," replied Samuels, bringing it forth.

The old gentleman tuned the instrument and walked up and down the little shop, seemingly quite forgetting the Jew's presence, playing the violin in a manner which proved him to be a capable musician.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, stopping near the door. "There's no doubt about it—it's a real Strad. How much do you want for this?" he asked, walking up to Samuels.

"How much will you give for it?" The Jew was too wily to name a price.

"Ah, yes!" said the musician. "I did wrong in saying that it was a Stradivarius; I ought to have kept that to myself, because you will clap on the price now. But I couldn't control my feelings."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Samuels, with assumed dignity; "I quite understand the makes of violins."

"Well, well! Come, now, Mr.—er—Mr. ——"

"Samuels, at your service!"

"Ah, yes, Mr. Samuels. Well, you mustn't drive too hard a bargain; suppose we say forty pounds, now?"

Forty pounds! Samuels nearly gasped with surprise. Then his face fell, for the real position had suddenly flashed across his mind. The violin was not his to sell!

"I am sorry, but I can't——" he began.

"Come, come; don't be too hard," interrupted the other. "I'm sure forty pounds is a fair offer."

"But I really cannot sell it——"

"Say fifty, then," said the would-be purchaser, not giving the Jew time to say more. "I won't make a farthing advance on that!"

"It isn't mine to sell!" the Jew blurted out desperately. And then he explained how matters stood.

The musician looked disappointed, but soon recovered his composure.

"There will be no difficulty about that," he said in a tone of conviction. "A man who is so hard up will jump at fifty pounds, even if the violin is a family heirloom! You try him when he comes to-morrow; give him something down. I will give you a sovereign deposit, and I'll look in to-morrow afternoon to see how you have managed."

He took a sovereign out of a bulky purse, handed the coin with a card bearing a name with several letters after it, to the shopkeeper, and went off.

Samuels sat down and thought it over. He must get that man to sell the instrument by hook or by crook. There wasn't time to get another violin and "fake" it so as to deceive the owner, so he must work upon the man's necessity, which meant so much less profit for himself. Well, there was no help for it, and he must trust to his superior intelligence to make as much as possible out of the transaction. But perhaps the man would not be able to redeem it within the prescribed time. The bare idea made his heart leap for joy.

But his pleasant expectations concerning the non-redemption of the violin were quickly upset. That very afternoon, although but little more than half the time had elapsed, the owner entered the shop, his face radiant with smiles.

"Here I am!" he cried. "Got the money sooner than I thought. Where is it?"

"My dear sir," said Samuels in his most suave manner, "I have had an opportunity of selling it at a very high figure."

"What?" raved the owner. "Do you mean to say that you have sold it?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Samuels. "Calm yourself. I said that I had had an opportunity of selling it at a high figure. I was offered £10 for it."

"Ten pounds!" echoed the man scornfully. "Why, I would not take forty for it!"

The Jew's heart sank. It was evident that he would not make so much profit as he had hoped. Still, he did not despair of getting several pounds out of the transaction. He had no doubt that he could induce the man to sell.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed pleasantly. "I thought you wouldn't take ten; but, of course, you will take twenty if I can get that sum?"

"No, I won't!" was the man's emphatic rejoinder.

This was rather disturbing. Samuels tried an advance of five pounds, with the same result. At last, after nearly half an hour had been spent in haggling and persuading, Samuels undertook to get thirty-five pounds for it, and the owner agreed to accept that sum provided that he had it cash down at once. This led to further discussion, but ultimately the Jew—fearing that the man, now that he knew the value of the violin, would take it elsewhere, and he (Samuels) would lose all—agreed to give the owner thirty pounds down. The offer was accepted, the money paid, and the transaction completed in due form.

Samuels was satisfied; a profit of twenty pounds in so short a time helped to make up for recent bad times. Moreover, he might succeed in squeezing a little more out of the old gentleman, who wanted the instrument badly.

Samuels would have liked to go to the address given on the card and conclude the business at once, but that would have been detrimental to success. He must wait till the following afternoon.

It would be difficult to describe Samuels' feelings as the time approached; it would be still more difficult to describe them when the afternoon had passed without the old gentleman having put in an appearance; and it would be simply impossible to give any adequate idea of them when, on making his way later in the evening to the address given, he discovered that there was no such number in the street! And, to crown all, a friend in the line informed him that the violin was worth about thirty shillings!

He was done, outwitted, swindled! How he raved and swore! How he cursed the deceitful Gentiles for robbing an honest Hebrew! He literally cried himself to sleep that night.

The next morning's post brought him a letter. It was very short, and ran thus:

"Two years ago you swindled me out of twenty-five pounds. I have now got my own back.—Moses Levy."

He remembered the affair well enough. He had been outwitted this time, and he must put up with it. The only consolation he had was that he had not been done by a Gentile.

Ewart Rathan.

Digitized by Google

OLD PERIKOP, the swordsman, was sitting by the open window in his fencing gallery twisting the waxed ends of his grey moustache, in deep thought. He had been giving a lesson, and the foils and masks lay upon the floor where they had been carelessly thrown.

The fencing gallery was a large square room, hung with all manner of swords, rapiers, sabres, and small arms. I had brought a bottle of red wine with me—the Bordeaux the old man liked—and that put him in a good humour.

"It is the war song of the Rhine—the Marseillaise Hymn—that the band in the street is playing," he said, smiling. "That makes me think of many years ago. Yes! Of a cousin I once had—Jacques Bernard by name—Bernard of the Chasseurs d'Afrique in the Crimea. He is dead now. He was a very good swordsman, accustomed to use Du Pradet's thrust in *quarte* under the wrist—a tricky Italian method, but effective. There was no escaping his moves!" The old man's brown and corded hands trembled as he drew off his buckskin sword glove.

"Why, that music brought Pinaud into my mind, then. Old Pinaud, of the Grenadiers of the Guard; old Pinaud, who took the Turk's dinner!"

The swordsman chuckled gleefully as he rolled a cigarette.

"I will tell you while we drink the wine.

"We fought for that dinner.

"You were not born then, but many good men were in the world, nevertheless. Jacques, my cousin, was one of them. It was at the seige of Sebastopol, the last day of the bombardment and the night before the assault in which the city fell. I was in the Zovaves of the Guard, then.

"Jacques came into the ragged tent at sunset and sat down on my old haversack, to shiver over the faggot fire. He drew his horse-blanket havelock over his head, tucked his big sabre between his muddy legs, and spread his frozen hands out over the embers. 'Twas a weapon that disgusted him, that sabre, but it was the arm of his corps, you understand.

"He was wet and cold, poor Jacques. The end of his long thin nose was red as the coals and his pale blue eyes watered with misery. A muddy and melancholy Chasseur d'Afrique; a lean, hungry and hollow-eyed soldier of France.

"I surveyed him regretfully from my sheepskin and listened to the roar of the siege guns and the groan of the big Lancaster of the English the gun that battered the White Tower and threw a hail of balls to Fort Constantine, over the bay. The old tent was filled with smoke that set us coughing and choking.

"Jacques' head was close-cropped and red, to mate with his nose, and the ends of his fiery hair thrust down on top of his bony brow. Jacques' legs were long and strong, his eyes keen and sharp, though watery with the smoke, and his mustachios enormous and red like his hair.

"On that cheerless night, when my cousin came from the trenches to smoke a cigarette with me, his heart was faint and sick within his starved and shivering body, and we talked of many things concerning the army, as soldiers will: the hard winter, and the water, cold as ice, in the trenches where we had to stuff sandbags and construct gabions and fascines; the mad English cavalry, and Balaclava, and all the miseries of the siege.

"'Do you know, Jean,' said my cousin, 'last night I dreamt of roast capon.'

"'Poor Jacques,' said I, 'you are light-headed with hunger; in the Crimea there is not even a goose——'

"'A goose!' cried my cousin. 'I could devour the feathers of a goose. I would throw myself under the guns of the Malakoff for a gosling. Those wolves of Cossacks have guillotined all the geese. Besides, no goose would stay in this forsaken place. B-r-r! 'Tis bitter cold in this habitation of yours. I am both cold and starved.'

"'Cheer up! Pinaud is coming to-night; he has a bottle of brandy.'

"Just then there was a noise without, and a head was thrust in at the flap of the tent. It was Pinaud of the Grenadiers, who poked in his kepi and bullet-head, and followed them with his great body. He came in with

the brandy under his arm and set his musket down by Jacques' sword. A hoary old bandit, let me tell you, with his great hooked nose, and his little twinkling eyes set so close together on each side of it.

"'Ah, my infants!' he cried, 'I am famishing with thirst—and I have something to tell you. It was from Gaston Laporte I got it.'

"'The gunner who was killed at the river, yesterday?' said Jacques.

"'The same. Pass the bottle, Jacques.'

"'I was about to relate,' he went on, 'there is a little camel of the artillery that accompanied me hither, though unwillingly. To-night he goes upon a journey. I found him tied to a gun-carriage singing like a howling Dervish in the stillness of the night. Well, yesterday morning, before the attack, Gaston came to inquire, did I prefer naked goose to black bread?'

"'Gracious!' cried Jacques, 'my dream has come true! Tell us quick! We are going for them or is this but one of your great lies?'

"Pinaud drained the cup we were drinking the brandy out of, and set it upon his knee, smacking his lips.

"'In the time of Pharoah, King of Egypt, you were, no doubt, a wind instrument: for you make much noise even yet,' said he.

"Then he told us the geese were two in number, and in the possession of the pasha, a German officer of Turks. Both geese and Turks were encamped at the back of our third division, over the hill by the sailors' camp.

"Jaques hastily buckled on one of my light rapiers. 'Finish the bottle first,' said Pinaud.

"'We will take it with us,' said my cousin. 'The camp is full of thieves.'

"'Good! We will drink deeply to the blue frock of France,' said Pinaud.

"'Hurry, my children. I will leave the musket (as one does not steal geese with muskets) and take Jacques' sabre. In my youth I was familiar with the weapon.'

"We went out, and Pinaud climbed into the cart, his sabre clanking against the wheel. My cousin and I followed him.

"A rough ride it was, through that great war-camp and over the hill, jolting through the ice-sheeted mud. The camel flew along like the winds of the Bosphorus, and though our leader remarked that to the contented all seats were soft, we were sore and weary when the flickering lights appeared before us down in the hollow—for we were then skirting the hillside. The red glare and the roar of cannon were behind us, and we proceeded, reconnoitering with caution. Finally Pinaud brought the camel to a standstill.

"'Listen!' said he, descending from the cart and handing me the driving strap; 'yonder to the left is the camp of the English sailors; Jean shall continue to argue with this evil-minded animal and persuade him forward on the road to the sailors' camp, the distance of a musket-shot, and there await us. There is an aperture to enter, therefore Jacques, who is thin, shall go with me. That pasha is fond of drink and, I am told, likes to smoke opium, and sleeps much; furthermore, those ridiculous Turks keep no guard. Jacques, my boy, I lead; do you follow and make but little noise!'

"They disappeared in the darkness, and I turned the camel's head down the Karany Road. At that point where the road branched off to the Monastery of St. George was located a telegraph battery, between the third and fourth divisions on the line. In front of the battery the brute stopped, having some matter to settle in his mind, no doubt. I ceased to remonstrate with him and sat listening to the gunners who were smoking round an embrasure, a few feet away. The siege guns were booming on the other side of the hill, like long rolls of thunder, and the sky was red with their fire.

"'Those blue and red foreign devils,' said a bushy-bearded Crim-Tartar, who was leaning over the banquet, holding his long-barrelled Yaki rifle across the embrasure, 'fight among themselves; also they make merry while so doing.' And he went on to relate to the gunners the circumstances of a vendetta of his own, a family disagreement with his brother-in-law.

"Soon after, Pinaud and Jacques came dashing headlong down the road; Jacqes had his naked rapier in his hand, and our friend carried a dead goose under each arm. Both leapt into the car and Jacques prodded the camel with his rapier.

"The furious beast leapt forward, and rolled out into the ditch from the sudden jerk. I heard my comrades try to stop him, but he was off like the wind, and three Turks ran past me in close pursuit. I took to my heels after them all.

"There was nothing else to do.

"I was saluted with the sound of clashing steel as I ran into sailors' camp, and the camel emitting unearthly screams. There were torches set up in the clearing about which the tents were staked out, and a great fire burned up at one side. There was plenty of light for what was going on.

"Pinaud and Jacques stood at each wheel of the cart defending themselves against the onslaught of the three Turks. One was the German officer of whom Pinaud had spoken; he was engaging my cousin with the sword, and Jacques derided and jeered him as he fought. The other two had their heels kept busy dodging Pinaud's savage sabre strokes.

"'*Allons*,' cried Pinaud, slashing away as I came up. 'Zouaves to the rescue. Ah, you villain, would you?'

"My coming changed the face of the battle. The Turks fell back, reluctant to continue the engagement on equal terms, and the pasha swore, out of reach of Jacques' rapier. So there we waited: Jacques and Pinaud at the wheels, the camel in front, and I behind at the cart tail; all ready and willing; and the geese, I saw with satisfaction, were safely reposing in the bottom of the cart—two great fat white ones. And the English sailors looked on with amusement.

"'I warn you, monsieur,' said Jacques to the pasha, 'if you attack again, I will kill you.'

"'And I,' said Pinaud to the soldier, 'will separate your head from your unlovely body. All things have a beginning, a middle, and an end. When I have finished, you will have but two ends; so be advised. Come, charge again, I pray you; I am getting cold.'

"'You abandoned thieves! My geese! My geese!' cried the pasha.

"The sailors laughed at him. I could see their sympathies were with us, their allies, and Pinaud began to sing the war song of the Rhine. (That is why the band reminded me.)

"'Look out, Bono,' said the little English officer (they called the Turks so, the allies). 'Heaven help you if you run up against that sword again. That Chasseur will split you.'

"How that German raved, and the sailors laughed!

"'Better give it up, pasha,' said the little middy again.

Digitized by Google

"'I will give up when they give me up my geese that they stole!' cried the German, 'I will kill them otherwise. They and the other one.'

"'You mistake,' said I. 'I am of the rescuing party.'

"'They ran off with them in the cart,' cried the pasha foaming with rage. 'And that Zouave was driving.'

"'More lies,' said Jacques; ''twas not we but that camel who ran off. Drive him? You do not know that beast with the crooked legs!'

"'Besides, if you kill me,' remarked Pinaud gravely, as if weighing the matter in his mind, 'you not only will have killed a Grenadier, which is difficult, but a great philosopher also, which is wicked.'

"The pasha thrust his hand into the breast of his frock, and the little officer took a step toward him.

"'Be careful there, you fellows!' he cried out.

"'Once more,' said the pasha, 'will you give up my geese?'

"'A goose once took shelter with gods,' mocked Pinaud.

"He had hardly spoken when the Englishman called out quickly and the cowardly renegade fired at my cousin. The ball whisked by me, going wide, and struck the camel in the hindquarters. With a wail of agony the brute fled, dragging the cart and geese with him. At the same instant the German and the Turks precipitated themselves upon us."

The old swordsman fell silent so long, gazing out of the window, that I finally asked:

"How did it come out, Perikop?"

"My cousin Jacques was a very good swordsman, very good. A Master of the White Arm. Next to me, in the whole French army. We had opportunities to try in those days. Pinaud, too, could use the sabre, old as he was. It was but click, glissade—lunge. Ah! as Jacques would say. That is, for two of us; for Pinaud simply knocked his antagonist's sword into the air and the Turk fled.

"I myself scorned to destroy one with so foolish an arm as that Turk of mine had; so I simply disarmed him, after a pass or two, and he followed his comrade. With Jacques and the German it was different—for the pasha carried a good weapon—but it was quickly done. So quickly that the little English officer, running in, was too late. Perhaps he did not run too rapidly. Even before I turned around to see, I heard that rattlesnake glissade, the tap, tap, with the foot and a queer little gr-r-rate, slip-slip-slip-se-e-ep, of steel on steel, and I knew that renegade German was looking right down into the jaws of death.

"Slip-slip; so quickly (it was to make his head swim, you see), and then—well—then, just a little soft sob and like a woman almost—wiped the blood from his rapier with the pasha's cap."

"So you lost the geese, Perikop?" I asked, as the old man paused again.

"The geese were cooked and eaten that night—rather that morning. It was so. When the pasha fell, the little Englishman rattled out an order to his men, and whispered to us to go away, not like that, but, 'Run, you beggaires, run. I'll have the men put him down the road. It was done fair and square.'

"Yes yes, that is what he said, that little boy."

"And you took that good advice?" I asked.

"We did. Though we feared nothing much. The Turks were not loved in the Crimea, and their officers from Germany less.

"It was a long way to the French camp, but we went hurriedly, sorrowfully. No, not for the pasha. I had forgotten him. For the geese, that cost us so much labour. We were sad, for who could tell where the fruits of our industry had gone? The brandy, too, that Jacques had left with his blanket in the cart.

"There was but one road, and we followed it, hoping to get some trace of the four-footed deserter, but no, there was no sign of him; and we approached the camp, the deafening gun and the glare of the firing, cast down, grieved to the heart.

"As we entered the camp and approached the quarters of the artillery, in faint hope that the beast might have returned, we had to pass my tent. In front was a strange and shapeless object in the darkness.

"Our hearts beat furiously. A voice called out:

"'Monsieur Perikop, Monsieur Bernard! I have captured your camel. There are too gee——'

"'Silence!' hissed Jacques. 'Where found you them Phillipe?' It was long-legged Phillipe, the drummer of the Red Ones, who sat within the cart.

"'I saw you go,' said Phillipe. 'I was down the road seeking wood, and met Monsieur of the Desert returning much pressed for time. There is the bottle too. The assault is ordered for daybreak.'

"Jacques threw his arms round the scraggy neck of the camel and embraced him ardently, and the camel bit him. He also kicked Pinaud, who would likewise have embraced him, but because of his many virtues we forgave him his shortcomings.

"We bound up, against his will, his wound, which was trifling, and sent him home shivering to the artillery by Phillippe.

"We feasted that night, Phillipe (to whom we owed everything), Jacques, the abbe and I. Next morning the sun fell. It was cold that morning, I can tell you.

"Afterwards Phillipe, full of goose, helped the drummers chant a Missa Solemnis for the souls of the slaughtered—who were many as the locusts of Alsirra—and we three listened though the Zouaves were the first into the Malakoff and the ditch was full of their dead.

"The English lost heavily at the Redan, too. In the evening I saw their wounded going down to the boats. Among them, on a stretcher, was the little sailor officer with his arm shot off. He recognised me and called out faintly, with his brave, white face: 'Hello, old Sword-blade. Why didn't you send me a piece of that goose, you beggaire?'

"Ah! I was always sorry for that. I bent over and kissed him. 'I would, but I can't shake,' he sobbed, and the sailors who carried the stretcher turned round their heads to swear softly and cough. I went with him to the boats to say farewell for ever. In those days it was the fate of soldiers."

The wine was finished with the story, so I went away. At the head of the stairs I thought the old swordsman called me, and I went back to the door. He was sitting by the window still, talking to himself, as the dying rays of the sun slanted across his gaunt, old form.

"The war song. Yes, yes; old Pinaud, the abbé, sang it at the wheel. And of the sword? The song of the sword? That was my cousin's song:

"'A sword for honour,
A sword for love,
A sword for the cure of all thing above.'"

G. Bevellé.

Digitized by Google

THE LAVERTON MANOR MYSTERY.

Of course, there was considerable excitement in the neighbourhood when it became known that there had been a most mysterious robbery at Laverton Manor. The safe had been opened and a very valuable diamond necklace had been carried off by some thief or thieves who had left no clue behind them.

That was the substance of the few details which reached the ears of the villagers and the surrounding gentry, on the early morning of a spring day, just six years ago. Little by little, other details became known, and the occurrence assumed a still more serious aspect.

Mr. William Parker, the squire of Laverton, was a man about fifty years of age, a widower with one son. His father had died when he was quite young, and his mother had married again, and had another son by her second husband. She had lived away from the Manor after her second marriage, and the fine old place had been left to the charge of caretakers until the young heir had been old enough to take possession. It was clear that there had been very little affection between the mother and her eldest son, and it was equally evident that there was no love lost between the half-brothers.

The diamond necklace in question was one of the family heirlooms; at least, it was generally considered so, but it had not been in the family for very long, having been purchased by Mr. William Parker's father just before his marriage. Most people thought it was to "remain in the family," but the actual disposition of the necklace was peculiar.

It was left to Mr. William Parker and was to go to his daughter if he had one, but if he had no daughter it was to be handed over to any female issue of Mrs. Parker by a later marriage if her husband pre-deceased her.

The necklace had remained in the present owner's possession and had been worn on one or two occasions by his wife, but death had robbed him of her after a brief interval, leaving him with a son, but no daughter. Mrs. Mellowes, to call her by her second name, had no daughter, but it was contended by her and her solicitors that the wording of the will should be interpreted to mean that the necklace should go to her son's daughter if one were born to him.

To this, Mr. William Parker, in a weak moment, assented without question and signed the document to that effect, simply claiming that the valuable ornament should remain in his charge until the grand-daughter, if any, reached the age of twenty-one. His solicitors said he was mad, and in later years he himself was inclined to think so; but the dispute arose at a time when he was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his beloved wife, and the thing was done.

A daughter was born to his half-brother, which did not make matters any more pleasant between the latter and the owner of Laverton Manor, who now regarded it as almost certain that the necklace would go out of his hands. His annoyance was increased to bitterness and actual enmity by the fact that Mr. Mellowes insisted upon his half-brother showing the necklace once each year during the minority of the young lady.

Time passed on and in three months Miss Mellowes would be in a position to claim the ornament. Mr. Parker had requested that the annual formality of showing the necklace be postponed until the time came for him to give up possession, but his brother would not agree to this, and the formality had taken place at Laverton Manor on the previous day. That same night the necklace had been stolen.

Mr. Parker had had a small party that evening, at which his brother had not been present, and after the guests had departed he had fallen asleep in a chair in his library, and his butler had been unable to arouse him. It was midnight when Mr. Parker retired to his room, locking his door on the inside. The first thing he saw on awakening in the morning was that his safe door was open.

He sprang out of bed and examined the safe, with the result that he discovered that the necklace, and an important document relating to some property upon which he held a mortgage, were missing. The only trace of the necklace was a portion of the clasp which seemed to have caught upon a piece of the ornamentation on the door of the safe, and had been broken.

Information was at once given to the police at the county town, about ten miles distant, and a detective was soon on the spot; but there was no clue to the robbers. The door was still locked on the inside on that morning, and the butler asserted that he was sure the safe was not open when he visited the room about ten o'clock on the previous evening. The windows had not been tampered with, and the detective as well as Mr. Parker was forced to the conclusion that the robbery had been committed between that time and midnight when the owner retired to rest.

Digitized by Google

The servants were questioned, and all the rooms, including even that of Mr. Harry Parker's, were searched; but in the end the detectives were assured that the thieves had got clear away. Mr. Parker sent to London for assistance; but, after spending a week at Laverton and the neighbouring places, all that this member of the detective force could advance was an elaborate theory to the effect that the robber had entered while all the servants were busy in connection with the party, had secreted himself in the room, effecting his purpose after the butler's visit, and had then taken the last train to the county town, whence, on the following morning, he could easily travel to Harwich and cross to Holland with his booty.

The strange thing about the robbery was that Mr. William Parker did not seem very much concerned about the loss of the necklace, although it was pretty certain that Mr. Mellowes would make a claim for compensation. Mr. Parker seemed annoyed at the loss of the document and the idea of being robbed, rather than overwhelmed with anxiety at the loss of an ornament valued at twenty thousand pounds. In fact, the London detective had a secret notion that probably Mr. Parker knew where the heirloom had gone.

On the day after the departure of that officer, Mr. Parker was accosted by the superintendent of police as he was driving through Ipsham. After a moment's conversation, Mr. Parker drove on; but half an hour later he was closeted with the chief of the police and a young detective in a room at the police station.

"It amounts to this, Mr. Parker," said the superintendent. "We confess we were a little annoyed that you should send to London for assistance, and so practically take the matter out of our hands. A man can't do everything just because he comes from London, as you have seen for yourself. My nephew here," turning to the detective, "has a theory, and there won't be any harm, I think, in allowing him to work upon that for a week or so."

"What do you want to do?" asked Mr. Parker, ignoring the first portion of the officer's remarks.

"We think that there is something deeper in this than you imagine," resumed the superintendent, "and we should like to try this theory for the credit of the force. I don't care about explaining it just now, because we shall stand more chance of success if we keep quiet; but I should like you to engage my nephew as a footman for a little while."

"I don't want any extra servants."

"If you'll give me a chance, Mr. Parker," interrupted the young man eagerly, "I really believe that I can unravel this mystery and find the diamond necklace."

"You won't find the diamond necklace."

"I believe I shall, if you let me try." Parker cast a scrutinising glance at the young detective, and signified his assent to the proposition by a nod of the head and a laconic, "Very well."

When Parker returned to the Manor that afternoon he somewhat surprised his son and the servants by announcing that he had engaged a young fellow to attend more particularly to his own wants and to keeping the library in good order or anything else which he (Parker) might require him to do. "I am getting old now," he explained, "and this young fellow will be more like a valet."

John Game arrived the next morning and at once entered upon his duties. The other servants did not appear to think much of his intelligence; he was rather slow in his movements and the expression of his face was almost wooden. Still, if the master wanted him and was satisfied with him, they could say nothing. Mr. Harry smiled, shrugged his shoulders and held his tongue.

However, the new man soon worked his way into the good graces of the heir to the Manor. He had a fair amount of spare time and this he devoted to the service of Mr. Harry, making himself useful in various ways and sometimes accompanying him when he drove to a neighbouring house. Mr. Harry Parker was a welcome guest everywhere; he was a pleasant, agreeable fellow and quite an eligible young man in the eyes of parents who had marriageable daughters. The only fault that could be found with him, but this was not apparent to everyone, was that he could not be described as a strong-minded person.

Before Game had been in the house four days he was doing more for the son than for the father, but the old gentleman seemed pleased to be rid of him, while Harry Parker himself liked this attention.

In the meantime a letter had been received from Mr. Mellowes in connection with the missing necklace, asking what was to be done in the circumstances. To this letter the squire returned a brief answer, which ran: "You need have no concern about it. I shall be able to produce it at the proper time."

This reply was not seen by anyone at the Manor, or it would probably have caused much surprise there, as it did in the mind of the recipient.

Two days later Mr. Harry Parker had the trap got ready for the purpose of driving to Ruthing, five miles distant, on a visit to Mrs. Cathcart. This lady was a widow of striking appearance, and Harry Parker had visited her and attended her numerous parties very frequently during the last few weeks. The lady had visited the Manor on one or two occasions, when it had been noticed that Mr. Harry's attention had been very marked. His father had noticed it, and had thrown out a hint or two that his son's visits to Ruthing should not be so frequent. He admitted that the lady was decidedly attractive, but he did not feel any desire to have her for a daughter-in-law, not only because she was seven or eight years older than his son, but also because she was not the kind of woman he wished to be mistress of the Manor. But his hints had not been heeded, and the old gentleman was making up his mind to take some decisive step for the purpose of counteracting the woman's influence over his rather weak-minded son.

The new man prepared to accompany him. Harry Parker rather liked Game to go with him; it gave a better appearance to the turn-out, and he was pleased when Game presented himself ready for the journey. The squire noticed it all and smiled.

It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening when they returned, and Mr. Parker was struck by the worn appearance of his son's face.

"I hope to goodness," he muttered, "he has proposed and been rejected. It would be a blessing and save me a good deal of anxiety, although he would regard it in another light at first."

Mr. Parker retired to the library to spend a quiet hour or so in reading, while Harry went to his own room. The master of the Manor had scarcely settled himself in his arm-chair to peruse a chapter of the novel which he had leisurely selected from a shelf, when Game entered and closed the door leisurely behind him.

"I didn't ring," said Parker irritably.

"No, sir," returned the man, "but I've something to

Digitized by Google

tell you. I think I am on the track." And drawing closer to his master he spoke in a low tone and his words led to conversation between the two which lasted several minutes and disturbed the squire's equanimity.

Harry, after wandering up and down his own room for nearly an hour, made his way to the library.

"Sit down, my boy," said his father cheerily. "Glad you've come. Haven't seen much of you to-day. Have a glass of wine; you don't look well. Hasn't the fair widow treated you properly to-day?"

Harry flushed as he took a seat near his father, and lifted the glass to his lips with unsteady hand.

"Mrs. Cathcart was as pleasant as she usually is," he returned a little awkwardly; "but I do not feel quite well this evening. Some passing indisposition, I suppose, father."

He drank the wine and remained silent. Watching him keenly, while his attention was apparently fixed elsewhere, his father noticed that the peculiar, dazed expression of Harry's eyes seemed to increase in intensity. Some few minutes passed without a word on either side. Then Harry began to fidget on his chair, and the old gentleman closed his eyes in thought.

Harry glanced at his father, and slowly his hand went to his own waistcoat-pocket, from which he drew a tiny packet.

Undoing one end, he leant forward and shook the contents—a small quantity of white powder—into the wine in his father's glass, again falling back in his chair with a stifled sigh.

A noise near the door aroused the two men. In order to look in that direction, Harry was obliged to turn his head. Hence he did not see his father take up his glass and swiftly pour the wine on the carpet.

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mr. Parker, leaning back in his chair with a yawn. "The butler or Game has stumbled against the door, I expect. Dear me, I feel dreadfully sleepy."

He yawned again and his head sank on his breast. Very soon his regular and heavy breathing indicated that he was asleep.

Quietly, stealthily, with an expression of intense excitement in his staring eyes, Harry arose from his seat, drew aside the old man's coat and felt in the breast pocket. He drew from it a bunch of keys which he transferred to his own pocket, and then hurried from the room. He had scarcely shut the door behind him when Mr. Parker jumped up and John Game emerged from behind the curtain drawn across the window near the door; the two men exchanged rapid glances and quietly but quickly followed Harry Parker.

Along the corridor and up the stairs he went, unconscious that he was followed, straight to his father's bedroom. He entered, closed the door, and fumbled for the key, but there was no key in the lock. A minute later the door was quietly opened and Mr. Parker peeped in, while Game strove to obtain a glimpse from behind his master. After the first glance Parker opened the door wider and walked in on tip-toe, closely followed by Game, the latter shutting the door. Concealed by the heavy *portiere* they watched the scene in the room.

Harry was on his knees in front of the safe, which he had opened, and was searching for something. He seemed unable to find the object of his search, for, with feverish haste, he turned over various things and looked in the drawers. With a heavy sigh he replaced the things he had disturbed, and shut and locked the safe, but left the keys hanging from the key-hole. The two watchers crept towards the hinge side of the door so that Harry might pass out without seeing them.

The young man passed his hand wearily over his forehead, and then walked unsteadily towards the door and went out, followed a moment later by his father and the new servant.

Down the stairs, along the corridor to a door at the back of the building, Harry Parker made his way silently and rapidly. Through this door he emerged into a small garden, a private portion of the grounds reserved for the use of his father and himself. The two men who were following him saw him walk to an old tree, a shattered relic of former times, at which he stopped. By the faint light they were able to perceive that he reached up to his full height and placed his hand in a hollow of the trunk, after pushing aside a parasite plant that covered the opening; when he turned from the tree towards the door he held in his hand two objects—a case, and a folded paper or large envelope.

"Let him go back, don't stop him," whispered Game, as Parker was about to step forward and confront his son. "It will be better to see where he puts them, and then take possession."

The old gentleman assented silently, and once more they followed Harry, and saw him place the articles in a drawer in his own room. Then, satisfied that he could get them when his son was asleep, the master of the Manor went back to the library with Game, after seeing that all outer doors were locked.

"What you said a while ago has proved correct," said Parker. "Now tell me the whole story, as you have worked it out in your mind."

"My suspicion as to the real solution of the robber mystery," began the detective, without any preliminary remark, "was aroused by what I had heard of Mrs. Cathcart and her hypnotic powers, the visits of your son to the house, and the facts that had come to my knowledge to show that she knew Mr. Mellowes. How did I find out the last? Well, a detective comes into possession of strange facts, and I have seen a little service, although I am a young man. Be satisfied that I do know.

"I know that Mr. Mellowes has involved himself in risky speculations, and that he is not so scrupulous as he ought to be. Mrs. Cathcart is mixed up with him in those speculations, and is in about as bad a position, financially, as he is. In plain language, they had got to find a large sum of money somewhere within weeks.

Digitized by Google

"I take it that they concocted a scheme for getting the necklace while it was in the house, they believing, no doubt, that you usually deposited it with your bankers. Mrs. Cathcart is a very attractive woman, and so far as you know was not connected with your relative. She was therefore the best person to carry out the scheme, both on that account and by reason of her power of mesmerism. It was not difficult for her to rent the furnished house at Ruthing a few weeks before the date of your brother's visit and within that short period to make herself a prominent figure in the society of this part of the county.

"She soon became acquainted with your son and used her power to gain information of the Manor and the habits of its master. When the proper time arrived she used her dread powers of hypnotism, and suggested to your son that at an appropriate time he should drug you—she giving him the powder—and then take possession of your keys, extract the necklace from the safe and hide it in some safe place."

"But why did she allow it to remain in the hiding-place?" queried Mr. Parker.

"Probably because she thought it best to let it remain there while the detectives were about, or until it should be thought that all chance of recovery was gone. I don't think she suggested where he should hide it, but that he should place it where he thought it safest.

"The letter which, you tell me, you sent to your brother evidently made them suppose that you had discovered it, so Mrs. Cathcart invited Mr. Harry to-day in order to complete the execution of the scheme, whatever the result—success or failure.

"Mrs. Cathcart has been watched by others and information conveyed to me, that is why I determined to go with Mr. Harry this morning. I got near enough to them to get an idea of her plans, and I saw her hand him the powder. Then the whole thing seemed to cross my mind, and when we came back I asked you to fall in with my little scheme. They apparently thought that you had the necklace again in your safe, so Mrs. Cathcart suggested that he should look for it there, and if he did not find it he was to search for it in the hiding-place.

"If he did not find the case, there was an end of their scheme; if he found it he was to keep it until she arrived to-morrow morning, when she would find an opportunity of taking it from him. That is my story, and when she comes to pay you a visit to-morrow—as she has arranged it with Mr. Harry—you will have an opportunity, Mr. Parker, of confronting her with the details of her own plot. I have no doubt that you will find I am correct."

Mr. Parker smiled. "I will take the opportunity," he said, "but I really do not like to disappoint them about the necklace, and I have a good mind to present it to her and my esteemed brother with my compliments. Of course, had they got hold of the diamond necklace and then extracted some compensation from me, that would have set them up again."

"I don't understand what you mean when you talk of giving the necklace to them," said Game with a puzzled air.

"I will explain that in a minute," replied Parker "But, tell me, do you say that my son did not know what he was about while he was under the influence?"

"Yes," replied Game, "I do mean that. You have not studied, as I have, the question of hypnotism."

"I am glad of that," said Parker with a sigh of relief. "And I think I can upset that lady's power over my son in the future. Now for the necklace. Three years ago a *bonâ-fide* attempt was made to steal it on the evening of the day I had shown it to my brother, so I hit upon a little plan which he never saw through. I had a paste affair made and kept it in my safe, while the real one was lodged with my banker, who has kept his mouth shut all this time at my request. My brother has looked at the paste necklace on three occasions and thought it was genuine. Now, why Harry took the mortgage, is not clear, but perhaps that was unconscious."

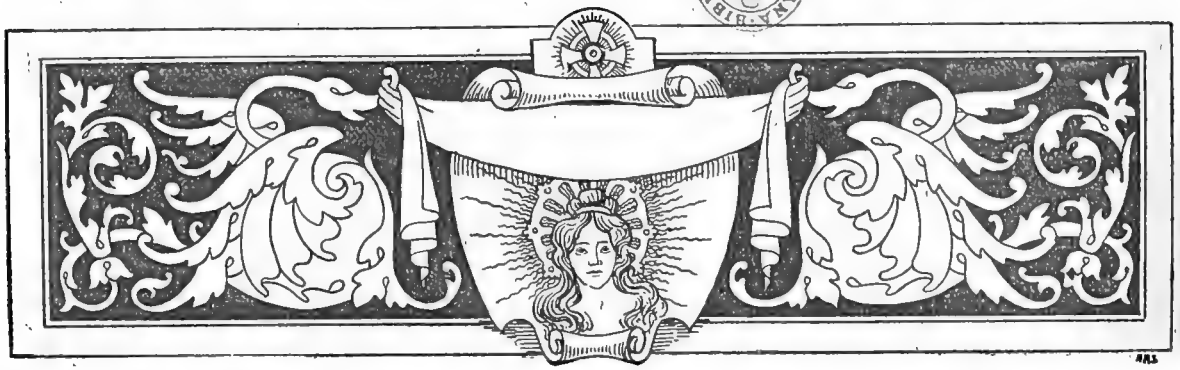
The next day when Mrs. Cathcart called there was a scene in the library which was decidedly edifying. At the conclusion, as she rose to depart Mr. Parker offered her the necklace, but she did not take it.

Parker used his knowledge of the plot in order to force his brother to forego his claim to the heirloom, but as some compensation to the daughter for the loss of the valuable ornament, and in order to give his brother another chance, he made his niece a present of a cheque for half the value of the diamond necklace.

Game was satisfied that he had done credit to the county police and to himself, and there is good reason to suppose that he will make his mark in the world in due course.

Geo. Day.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA



Digitized by Google

LAST DAY—APRIL 17th.

TO win **One Thousand Pounds**, all you have to do is to fill up the coupon below, giving in the proper place the number of births and the number of deaths which will occur in the thirty-three great towns in the United Kingdom for the week ending April 22nd, 1899.

Then write down your name and address and ask five of your friends to write their names and addresses in the spaces provided. Any coupon not bearing these names will be disqualified.

Also ask the newsagent or bookstall clerk, from whom you obtain this copy of *S. S.*, to insert his name and address in the space provided. Although such a course is obviously to his advantage, it is not compulsory for the coupon to bear his signature.

Witnesses, newsagents, and bookstall clerks may sign any number of coupons, and competitors may sign each other's as witnesses.

To the person whose attempt is correct we will pay the sum of **£1,000.**

To the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£25**, and **£5** to each of the boys attached to the bookstall from which the paper was bought.

To each of the witnesses whose names appear on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of **£10.**

If no competitor estimates the correct number of births and deaths, the £1,000 will be awarded to the individual whose forecast is most nearly correct.

In the event of two or more persons being correct, the £1,000 will be divided amongst them. This condition applies also to the £25 for the newsagent or bookstall clerk, the £5 for bookstall boys, and the £10 for each of the persons who sign the winning coupons.

SOME POINTS TO REMEMBER.

One competitor may send in any number of attempts, but each coupon must be signed by five persons under the conditions mentioned above.

The addresses of the five witnesses must be written in full. If, however, they are all of the same town, it will be sufficient if the sentence, "All of Bradford, or Liverpool, or Glasgow," as the case may be, is written on the margin

It is necessary for each coupon sent in by one competitor to bear five signatures, but the same five people may sign as many coupons as they like. It is not necessary for each competitor to find a fresh set of witnesses for each coupon. Competitors may sign for one another.

There is no objection to rubber stamps being used in place of signatures.

Coupons from PEARSON'S WEEKLY, HOME NOTES, M. A. P., PASTIMES, SUNDAY READER, BIG BUDGET, and PICK-ME-UP are all available in this competition.

You may keep all the coupons and send them in to reach here by the closing day if you wish.

The coupons belonging to each separate competitor must be inclosed in one envelope or parcel. Two or three competitors may not send in together.

The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose two figures are correct or most nearly correct. For example, if the correct figures are 7,000 and 3,000 respectively, the competitor whose forecasts are 6,999 and 2,999 will take precedence over the competitor whose forecasts are, say, 7,000 and 2,997 respectively.

All correspondence regarding this competition must be addressed to The Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and NOT marked BIRTHS. Only envelopes containing coupons should be marked in this way.

It must be clearly understood that all persons who enter for this competition must abide by the decision of the Editor in any question that may arise in connection with the competition.

As a guide to your estimate we give below the number of Births and Deaths which have taken place in the thirty-three largest towns in the United Kingdom for the corresponding period for the past three years.

The figures as published by the Registrar-General will be taken as correct. On December 2nd, 1898, a competition similar to this was declared legal by the Appeal Court.

Registered during the Week Ending April 25th, 1896.		Registered during the Week Ending April 24th, 1897.		Registered during the Week Ending April 23rd, 1898.	
Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.
6,783	4,062	6,226	3,965	7,202	3,905

All attempts to be addressed to the Editor, Short Stories, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope to be marked in the left-hand corner with the word: "Births."

THE COMPETITION CLOSES ON MONDAY, APRIL 17th.

S. S.

My estimate is { *Births* ..... / *Deaths* ..... } *Write in large Figures.*

Name .....

Address .....

Signatures of five people:

1. .....

2. .....

3. .....

4. .....

5. .....

*Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk** .....

* If a bookstall clerk, the name of the station will be sufficient.

THIS PRIZE IS IN CONJUNCTION WITH "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," "HOME NOTES," "SUNDAY READER," "PASTIMES," "BIG BUDGET," "PICK-ME-UP," and "M. A. P."

THIRD INSTALMENT.

THE RED MEN OF THE DUSK

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ROMANCE.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

SUMMARY.

GEOFFREY HEATHCOTE, who, for political reasons, is apprehensive of pursuit, leaves Butley Croft, in Worcestershire, and makes for the heart of Wales, where he has expectations of finding a sure refuge. Travelling among the Welsh mountains, Geoffrey narrowly escapes being trapped by a gang of thieves, and on a later occasion he joins in a fight against the same gang. Geoffrey then falls into the company of a hot-headed Welshman, who picks a quarrel. They fight, and Geoffrey, who has found more than his match, is saved by a woman, who is grateful to the refugee for having saved the life of her child. Suspicious characters gather round Geoffrey. Being mounted on a superior horse the refugee easily shakes off his wretched companions, and at a later period assists two ladies in escaping from a band of thieves. Geoffrey is hospitably entertained by a Welsh farmer, and on resuming his journey he encounters a handsomely dressed Welshman. The latter upbraids the English, and they fight with swords. At a critical moment the duel is stopped by the young girl whom Geoffrey had assisted, and who turns out to be no other than his own cousin. The refugee is welcomed by his uncle.

CHAPTER VI. (*Continued.*)

"AND you think that his movement is directed against you?" I asked.

"I know it," said Sir Arthur with decision. "These people, Geoffrey, are hot of temper, vindictive and treacherous to a degree. They never forgive and never forget. They will go through fire and water to reach it, and to wait for it merely inflames them; they will make it the deeper and bloodier when they get it."

"Do you expect them to attack this house?" I asked.

"It would not surprise me, indeed," said Sir Arthur gloomily.

"But what can they do with pikes against such a strong place as this?" said I. "A dozen stout fellows could hold this house against a regiment unprovided with cannon."

"Ay, ay," said my uncle; "but a regiment comes on with drum and trumpet, and you know where to look for them. But these fellows come on you as the mist glides over the hill."

He fell silent, tapping with his foot upon the floor, and looking into the fire. A question had been in my mind for some time, and I put it.

"Why," said I, "was Master Vaughan so eager to fight with me when he found I was an Englishman?"

"Partly," replied my uncle, "because he is a hot-headed fool, and partly because he has reason. His father joined the King's army a little before Naseby fight, and either was promised, or believed he was promised, a regiment. However, a gentleman from Worcestershire obtained the command, and the elder Vaughan considered himself an injured party. He made no secret of his opinion, and over their wine he and his successful rival came to high words. A meeting was the result and the Welshman was killed before half-a-dozen passes had been exchanged. He was very poor—we are all poor—and, on his death, his creditors took nearly the whole of his estate. He had kindly made me guardian of his children, and I have given them the run of Nant y Bryn."

"Are they close relations?" I asked.

"Close," laughed Sir Arthur. "They wouldn't be reckoned relations at all according to English notions. They are of the same name, and I suppose of the same family. There is a tree somewhere worked out with painful diligence by my grandfather, and showing how we stand related, but I hardly know where to look for it."

He dismissed the subject with a wave of his hand, and continued to stare into the fire. The door now opened, and a domestic announced that the midday meal was ready. My uncle bustled to put away the gold in a secret hiding place, constructed in the thickness of the wall, and covered with a panel which worked with a spring, and then we went to a room on the other side of the wide hall.

This apartment was also large and ill-lighted, so that the flames of the fire overpowered the faint daylight in the duskier corners and shone in ruddy reflections on the dark, oaken wainscot. The brother and sister were standing before the hearth awaiting our arrival, and we sat down at once.

Upon the conclusion of the meal my uncle, with scant

ceremony, drew Owain Vaughan to the further part of the room, and began to converse with him in low tones. The great length of the apartment cut us into two distinct parties, and I glanced across the table to Miss Vaughan, who sat opposite to me. I found her eyes fixed full upon me, and I smiled.

"It is possible," said I, "that your thoughts are the same as mine. Was it not odd the manner in which we criss-crossed for those two days?"

"I was thinking of the same thing," she said, smiling also, "though, after all, there is much in the fact that we were making for the same point."

"And Siani?" said I. "Did she come to any further mishap with no knife to defend her?"

"We reached home quite safely," said Miss Vaughan.

Her eyes expressed an inquiry which I hastened to answer, and I related to her the fright of the fellows I turned back to meet, and my wanderings among the hills.

"I felt sure of it," she said. "We know the road so well that we can scarcely conceive of the difficulties it presents to a stranger. I trusted, at any rate, it was nothing worse."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said in a low voice, her colour rising slightly:

"It must seem very strange to you—the occurrence of this morning; but I did not recognise you at all. I saw nothing but Owain. He was being driven back before you and I thought him in great danger. I have never seen him look like that in my life."

"And now, believe me, Miss Vaughan," said I earnestly, "he was in no danger at all from me. My sole object was to disarm him. I could not understand then why he thrust a quarrel upon me merely because I was English. My uncle has spoken of it, and I understand now."

At this moment Owain returned towards us, and Sir Arthur went out of the room. Miss Vaughan also retired, and Owain and I stood near the fire to talk.

"My uncle," said I, "seems afraid that these red fellows will attack this house."

"It is likely enough," said my companion.

"But to what purpose?" I continued. "A set of ragged thieves such as they are could make no entrance."

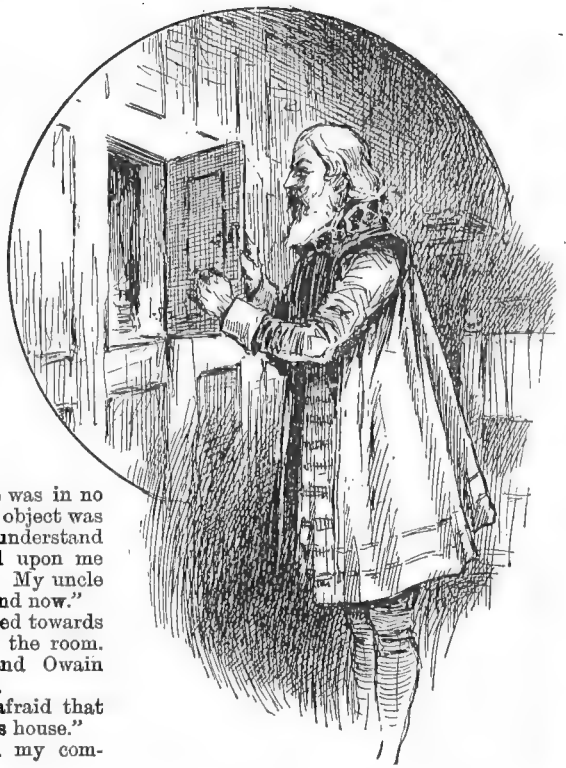
"We should give them as hot a reception as we could," replied he, "for if they did win entrance they would make clean work of it."

"This leader—this Ieuan," said I, "has he any resentment against any one besides Sir Arthur?"

"I do not think so," said Owain. "I believe his feelings towards, say, myself, who have been familiar with him from boyhood, are friendly, but he is a man of that turn of mind which would give Nant y Bryn to the flames and everybody within it so that his enemy were included in the destruction."

"My uncle represents him as a man extremely vindictive," I said, "and declares that his grievances are merely fanciful."

I thought that his hint would cause Owain to speak on the differences which lay between Sir Arthur and Ieuan Gwyllt, but it had the opposite effect. Vaughan looked into the fire in silence, drawing his moustache through his fingers, and I knew then that had Sir Arthur not been my uncle I might have heard another story.



My uncle put away the gold in a secret hiding-place.

CHAPTER VII.

An Errand of Mercy.

On the third day after my arrival at Nant y Bryn, at about eleven o'clock of the morning I was standing at one of the windows of my uncle's room. The prospect was dreary in the extreme. A thick, dark mist had settled on the hills and an old oak tree, forty yards away, was a faint, ghost-like shadow in the dull grey vapour. The rain fell heavily in straight, unbroken lines, and the trickling thread of rivulet which passed the house, had swelled to a furious yellow flood, whose deep, hollow note filled the air. So dark was the day that the room behind me was filled with the light of fire and candle as if the night had fallen. I turned my head and found my uncle peering at me over the top of the book he held in his hand. He was regarding me so intently, and yet in a kind of abstraction, that for a moment he seemed scarcely aware that our eyes were meeting.

I thought he was about to speak but he lowered his glance to the page before him and remained silent.

He was sitting near the fire, a candle at his elbow, and his usual medley of volumes heaped around him. He had inherited my grandfather's passion for study and spent the greater part of his time in reading.

I continued to gaze upon him, half idly, half wondering why he was staring so hard at me, and in a moment I found his eyes rising again. This time I certainly thought he had something to say, but no, he looked down again when he had found that I was still regarding him. His thin, delicate face shone pink in the firelight, his long white hair was like silver, his bright, dark eye ran from line to line down his book, and still I stared, and still wondered what it was in my uncle's face which so repelled me though I could not fix upon a malignant expression in any feature. All of a sudden he burst out:

"I wish to Heaven, nephew," he cried, peevishly, "that you had made your way here on a quieter animal."

"Whitesock, sir," said I, "a sweeter-tempered creature was never foaled. 'Tis true she will allow no one on her back but myself. The fellow should have left her alone."

"All very fine," cried my uncle, "but to have a man with a shoulder badly put out, just at the time when we need every pair of hands, and because he wanted no more than to try the paces of the mare, is too bad. How do we know but that that rogue Ieuan and his fellow rogues may be down on us any day or night."

"I am sorry," I returned, "for the weakening of the garrison to that extent, but surely against such ill-provided assailants we are ample in number to make the place good."

"And she will absolutely allow no one but him to molest her," said Sir Arthur, staring into the fire, and paying no attention to my last remarks. His tone was odd, for it was one of pure chagrin, and I could not make out what he meant.

"No one, at all," said I.

He started, and looked up, with a quick, uneasy smile.

"I was thinking aloud, nephew," he replied. "I had it in mind how in places where the need arises they put the old and infirm in as secure a place as possible while the young and nimble fight it out. Truly, a man with your Whitesock under him could regard all chances of fortune with an easy mind. He could fight, or he could fly, just as he listed."

"Why these gloomy thoughts, sir?" said I. "Your fortunes do not incline to such evil case, so far as anyone can see. I would gladly—"

Sir Arthur held up his hand and I fell silent.

He listened for a moment, then said:

"Who is galloping at so fearful a pace down the hill road?"

I could hear nothing, for the roar of the river drowned all other sounds for me. To my uncle it was so familiar that he dismissed it, and caught other noises as though the thunder of the water was not present. He went across to one of the windows, and we both stared eagerly through the mist. In another moment a flying mass came into sight. It gathered form and outline at every yard, and we saw a man holding two children before him dash up to the house.

"It is Hugh Fron," cried Sir Arthur, and ran to the main entrance. I followed him hastily, and helped to draw the huge bolts. As we did so, we heard the man spring down on the stones before the door, and in an instant heavy knockings resounded through the house. I flung the door back, and the man rushed in. He had a squalling child under each arm and his face was white, and terror striken, and streaming with sweat. In an instant, the wide hall was full of people. Owain and Enid came to the spot where Sir Arthur was questioning the new-comer and the servants crowded the lower end to hear the news. The man told his story in gasps but I was none the wiser until I began to distinguish an often repeated sound, and recognised "Y Gwylliaid Cochion." In the very midst of the fellow's story Enid Vaughan struck in with a sharp inquiry. The man faltered, hung his head, and was loth to reply. When he did she seemed about to speak warmly when Sir Arthur stepped towards her.

"Pray, be silent, Enid," said he, in English. "Let us have the whole of his story, then you can see about the woman." With a strong effort Miss Vaughan controlled herself and stood, with heightened colour and scornful eye, while my uncle put question after question.

"You will, of course, take some steps in the matter at once, Sir Arthur," said she to my uncle at the first pause.

"This fellow's place," whispered Owain Vaughan in my ear, "has been attacked by these red-headed rogues. So far as I can make out the main idea was food and plunder. But he fled without delay, leaving his wife ill in bed."

"And the unfortunate woman was left there alone?" said I.

"So it seems," replied Owain. "But, if no one stirs, it is certain that my sister will be on the road within a few minutes."

I turned my eyes on my uncle to see what answer he would make to the young lady's appeal. He said nothing to her for the moment but shouted an angry command to the listening crowd at the lower end of the hall, and it melted away. Owain spoke up.

"Would it not be as well, sir, for a few men to get to horse and ride as far as Fron to see into this story and take some measures about the woman?"

"Yes, Owain, that is what must be done, at once," said his sister.

"And what men will you muster to ride upon this errand?" asked my uncle, suddenly.

"A few of the men about the house is best," replied Owain.

"Not a man of mine stirs an inch," said my uncle, fixing a hard eye upon the young people in turn. "'Tis mere folly. In such weather as this an enemy could mark you down at half-a-dozen yards and you none the wiser."

"Ay," said Owain, "but there is another side to it. You could pass within a dozen yards of an enemy and be none the wiser."

"Turn the thing how you like," said Sir Arthur, "you shall not have a man. I will weaken my strength for no such hare-brained devices.

"There is no need of it," said I, "if Miss Vaughan is resolved to see how this woman is faring, I shall only be too proud if she will allow me to join her brother in accompanying her."

She turned and thanked me with a smile and Owain clapped me on the shoulder.

"You have proposed the best plan imaginable," said he. "We will carry it out at once."

My uncle muttered something savagely, but we took no further notice of him, and within ten minutes we were trotting away into the mist. Luckily, the rain had stopped, and we travelled the more comfortably for that. Enid Vaughan was riding her nimble, quick-stepping pony, and Owain a strong, grey horse. We chatted cheerfully in low voices as we rode, for the weather had been very bad for the last two days, and no one had been out, so that our present jaunt seemed a very holiday trip. The easy motion of the horses over the turf, the fresh, damp wind blowing in one's face, the spice of danger which lay concealed among the hills, stirred the blood and gave a keen zest to the adventure.

"It seems rather a strange thing," said I, "for the man to fly and leave his wife."

"I never thought much of him," remarked Owain. "It fits in well enough with other things he has done."

"There is one point quite certain," said Enid; "and that is, she would never have left him under like circumstances. She is Siani's sister, and truer, more faithful blood you could never find."

"I am sure of that," I replied, and smiled to myself, as I always did when I thought of the Egyptian and her disfigurement.

The place was about seven miles from Nant y Bryn, but much of the way was very bad underfoot, either stony or soft and we were a full hour and a half reaching it.

When the house came in sight I went forward, being the best mounted, to look over the ground. Everything was deserted and silent. I waved my hand and the others rode rapidly on. Enid sprang down at once and ran into the house. We listened intently and upon hearing a cry of pleasure from the abandoned woman, both of us gave a deep breath of relief and smiled upon each other.

"Let us lead the horses inside," said Owain. "The place lies naked to the hills all round and if the mist should lift we might be spied on from a dozen points."

We did so, and found that the interior of the place presented a scene of the utmost disorder. The simple furniture had been flung hither and thither, the table turned upside down, the dresser wrenched away from the wall, meal and milk all spilt and trodden into the mud of the floor, and a pool of blood, in the midst of which a strong, shaggy dog lay dead.

"Good boy!" said Owain, patting the stiffened body of the faithful cur and went on to his sister while I remained near the door to keep watch.

The sick woman lay in a small recess partitioned off at the further end of the kitchen and I soon learned that she had suffered nothing from the visit of the robbers save dreadful apprehension. They had not so much as visited the nook where she lay but contented themselves with ransacking the place for food and weapons. The knowledge

Digitized by Google

that her children were in safety calmed her and the presence of the young lady gave her such reassurance that in a short time Enid came to tell us that she had fallen asleep.

"What can we do with her?" said Owain.

"Will not her husband and children come back?" said I.

"I don't think he will, at present," returned Owain "and to speak frankly, I believe Sir Arthur will encourage him to remain."

"For what purpose?" I asked. "Surely there are enough people now about Monty Bryn, and if there were not, such a fellow as that would be of no service."

"It is becoming a craze with Sir Arthur to cram the house at night with men from the farms near at hand," replied Owain. "Since my sister's return with the story of her adventures the number quartered under the roof has risen to more than double the usual count."

"Owain," said his sister who had been deep in thought while we were speaking; "we must carry her to Penlan."

"How?" he asked.

"We must wrap her up warmly, and put her on the sled."

"You are right, Enid," he replied, after a little pause. "It is smooth grass to Penlan. But had I not better ride over first to see how matters stand there?"

"It would be best," she said; "nor would it take you long."

"I will go at once," he returned, "you will be quite safe here with Master Heathcote," and he led out his horse. In another moment we heard him galloping away and Enid turned to me to explain. Penlan, it appeared, was a farmhouse about two miles away, and one not likely to be attacked since the owner had four strong sons, and the family was noted for its courage and resolution. If everything was right there it would be easy to convey the sick woman where she would be in good hands.

The woman now gave a sharp cry and Miss Vaughan hastened to her, but returned in a moment.

"She is not awake," she said, "her fear is still working in her mind and she is crying out in her sleep."

"Poor creature," said I, "she has been through a dreadful ordeal."

"Yes," said my companion. "I had no great opinion of Hugh but certainly I did not think he was so bad as this."

At this moment a soft nose slipped over my shoulder and Whitesock put her head down to my breast and held it there tightly. She was trembling so that she shook me.

"Oh, yes," said I, caressing her. "It is blood. She has a great disgust of blood."

In less than an hour Owain returned accompanied by the farmer of Perlan and his wife. A sled was brought out, for of wheeled vehicles there was none in that country a couple of mountain ponies harnessed to it, and then the sick woman was well wrapped up and laid upon it. The sled ran easily over the turf but, of necessity, the journey to Penlan was a slow one, and when we started from the solitary farmhouse to ride back to Nant y Bryn the short February day was closing in.

He had a squalling child under each arm and his face was white.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Ride Through the Cwm.

We did not return by Fron but struck straight across the hills, and, ere long, the path ran into the mouth, and along the bottom of a deep *cwm*. The sides were steep and rocky to a degree, but from side to side of the V-shaped trough, stretched a strip of turf, broad enough for us to ride abreast and smooth as a shaven lawn.

"Surely we are safe from observation in this shelter," said I, glancing right and left at the towering walls running up and losing themselves in the mist. "It is like riding through a cavern."

"We call it *Cwm Cul*," remarked Owain, "that is, Narrow Valley, and the sides are impassable for horses every inch of the way."

As he spoke a hollow bark rang through the mist above our heads.

Digitized by Google

The interior of the place presented a scene of the utmost disorder.

"An old dog-fox that," said I.

It was answered from the other side.

"Foxes," said Owain, glancing uneasily around him in the thickening dusk; "I have never started foxes about here. Let us ride faster."

Enid Vaughan touched her pony and it bounded forward at full speed, and we galloped beside her. The hollow barking rang out again. By the sound, the foxes were still ahead of us above, and at this Owain cried in a low voice, "Ride your fastest."

"What do you fear?" I asked, half expecting his answer.

"Y Gwylliaid Cochion," said he.

Suddenly a thick wreath of mist before us folded itself into a close cloud and rolled upon one side like a curtain drawn back. We glanced eagerly up. A bunch of figures, faint against the darkening sky, and far above us, were running like deer along the upper edge of the *cwm*. We knew by the answering notes that they had companions upon the other side, and we were shut in by a mile of rocky walls.

"But surely we shall reach the mouth first," I cried, "they are on foot."

"Hope so," returned Owain, but his tone was doubtful.

"And if not," I pursued, "they can but block the mouth, and we shall ride them down."

"They will give us no chance," said Owain. "At thirty yards distance, they will throw their pikes so as to strike their enemy wherever they please."

"Ride on, Master Heathcote," broke in Enid, eagerly. "It is we who have brought you into this danger, and it is easy for you to escape."

"You are right, sister," said Owain. "Come, Master Heathcote, your mare is but cantering, while we are doing our utmost. Ride on, we beg of you."

"Willingly," said I, "if you think I can hold the mouth until you arrive."

"'Tis impossible," said Owain. "You cannot conceive of their cunning and activity. If you stood, you would be ringed round, and pierced on a dozen sides."

"Then I will stay," said I, and I loosened my sword and looked over my pistols as I rode, and Owain did the same.

"Enid," said he, quickly, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him. "You must mount and ride with me. Under the double weight, my horse would outstrip your pony's fastest, and so we should gain something."

"By that reasoninging," said I, "Whitesock ought to carry the double weight, and we should gain again, and so escape. Will you not both mount her and let me ride the grey horse?"

"Do you think she would permit it?" asked Owain.

"I hope so," was my answer. "It is worth the trial."

I sprang down and the exchange was made in a moment. Enid Vaughan placed her foot in her brother's hand and swung herself lightly to the front of the saddle, Owain bounded up behind her and I seized the mane of the grey horse. But even as I put my foot into the stirrup, I paused fearfully as time pressed us, and stood irresolute. The mare had permitted them to mount like a lamb so long as I stood at her head, but now her legs were gathering under her in a threatening fashion, her shoulders were working, her red eye was rolling in my direction, and I knew that the sight of me on the grey horse would drive her into a jealous fury which no rider could quell. Thoroughly familiar with the ways of horses, there was no need for the other two to ask why I hung with a foot in the stirrup.

"It is of no use," cried Owain, leaping down, "I could never hold her with Enid before me. Her body plays with the strength of tempered steel. Up with you, Master Heathcote, and give me my horse again."

I sprang for my own saddle, threw one arm round Enid Vaughan, touched Whitesock lightly with my heel—her shining flanks know nothing of the spur—and she skimmed down the valley at a speed which left Owain far behind.

At first Enid Vaughan sat steadily up, balancing herself lightly to the mare's stride, with one hand resting upon my arm, but she had never before in her life been carried through the air at so prodigious a pace and presently I held her tighter, for I saw her head swim and her eyes half close. I reined Whitesock in a little, partly to give my companion an opportunity to throw off the giddiness with which the swiftness of the mare had oppressed her, partly to give Owain a chance to come level with us. I did not turn my head, but in an instant I heard his powerful steed thundering up behind, and his voice shouting:

"Do not draw rein for me. Ride, ride! You at least can make yourselves safe. The very wind could not catch you."

I laughed gaily, and held Whitesock at an easy gallop for a moment until he came alongside.

"What an action!" he said. "It is the keenest pleasure to see her four legs move."

I thought to myself that the movements of the Gwylliard Cochion were more to us at the moment than Whitesock's beautiful running, but Owain's pride was such that though he was straining every nerve to escape for the sake of his sister, yet he disdained the idea of allowing the fear of them to fill his whole mind and speech.

His grey horse was galloping furiously, cutting out great sods from the soft turf and flinging them in a shower behind him, while Owain sat close down to the saddle handling him in such fashion as to get every inch of advantage.

"Surely we are coming towards the mouth of the cwm?" said I.

"It is hidden by a sharp turn only a little distance ahead of us," replied Owain.

"Be easy Enid. We shall come clear now I feel sure. I know very well that you are taking all the blame upon yourself." She turned her head and smiled. Her lustrous eyes were full of courage, and full also of a fear which was not for herself. He smiled gaily back, and I would not have changed the companionship of those two brave souls for any situation the world could offer.

The barking as of a fox had been left far behind. As soon as we burst out to our gallop it had been changed for notes of far other import, a long, wailing cry, very shrill and followed by a faint far off echo as if it had been repeated at a great distance.

Digitized by Google

Of a sudden we galloped out of the mist and saw before us the steep sides and narrow mouth of the cwm clear against a saffron sky. We were riding westwards and though the sun was down the sky was still filled with the afterglow.

The wonderful purity and clearness of the mountain air after rain caused every object which broke into the sky line to stand out with an inky blackness upon the shining background.

"All's clear ahead," cried I.

"That is to say we see nothing," returned Owain cautiously. But in a moment we saw our enemies. Four or five running figures appeared on the brow of the right hand cliff, darted down the slope, and paused.

"They are stopping," said I. "We shall win the race easily."

"Faster, ride faster, gallop before me," cried Owain quickly. "The mouth of the cwm narrows so that we must go in single file. On! on! or it will be blocked against us!"

I gave Whitesock her head as I perceived what the Red Men of the Dusk were doing. A great boulder lay tilted above the mouth of the glen as if a finger's touch would topple it over, and the figures above were wrestling with it, and, as I looked, I saw it rock and sway against the sky. Then I gave a cry of joy for the mouth of the narrow valley, set between two portals of rock, appeared close before us. Owain echoed my cry with a louder and shriller one.

"Draw rein!" he screamed, "Hold! Hold!" Instinctively I obeyed him and Whitesock fell back upon her haunches. Nothing but her ready obedience saved us. Looking up, my throat became dry with terror at the fate which seemed to hang over us. With dull, horrible thuds, the great boulder was leaping down the steep, grassy slope. As it came it twirled and spun, glancing a little on one side or the other as it pitched on the faces set at various angles. Terrific as was its speed, it seemed to me an endless time in falling. Its bounds and twistings gave it another character from that of a rude, insensate block of stone. It seemed a great, formless monster, leaping down upon us and calculating every ricochet to include us in its path.

A group of graceful young mountain ashes stood in its way; it sprang upon them and blotted them from the mountain side. Unused to judging such things, its course seemed to me to be laid directly for us, and only Owain's swift command to stand still kept me chained to the spot. With a crash that shook the earth under our feet, the mighty rock leaped into the mouth of the glen not a dozen yards before us, made one clumsy bound up the further bank, then dropped heavily back, blocking the path from side to side.

"We are shut in!" cried Owain.

"Shut in!" I laughed, and begged Miss Vaughan to cling firmly to me. I pricked Whitesock up and sent her at the great sprawling stone. She took half-a-dozen tremendous strides, threw her ears forward, rose to the leap and cleared the boulder without a touch, flying through the air as smoothly, and dropping on her feet as lightly and easily as though she knew that we in the saddle needed all that she could do to help us. I turned my head and saw Owain dismounted, and scrambling over after us. He kicked off his riding boots, and began to run like a deer. Our enemies were running, too, and, glancing up the hill, I saw one of them already near enough to poise a spear. I touched Whitesock and away she darted just in time as the spear whizzed at my back.

Owain seized a stirrup leather and with that assistance ran faster still. He was in his stockings but the grass was like velvet. I drew a pistol and fired a shot almost at

Rose to the leap and cleared the boulder without a touch.

Digitized by Google

random. It served, however, to check the pursuit and soon we were travelling over a wide down, where even in the failing light we could not easily be approached.

"You have left your horse," I said.

"Yes," replied Owain. "He runs well but is no jumper, I saw there was nothing else for it after the swallow fashion your mare went over. But what is that? Someone is riding after us!"

He reached up to my nearest holster and took a pistol, then turned, and peered through the dusk.

I laid my hand on my sword, for the other pistol was empty, but Owain began to laugh.

"I am in luck," said he; "for I have no boots and within five minutes we shall be on the stones."

As he spoke, up galloped Enid's pony, neighing for joy to see its friends once more.

"However could it pass that block, when the tall horse refused the leap?" I asked.

"Scramble over like a cat," said Owain, leaping into the saddle; "these are the cleverest little creatures that run on four legs."

We trotted rapidly on again, and within half an hour were safely back at Plas Nant.

My uncle came out to meet us, and, churlish as he had been at our setting off, begged eagerly for our story. This he asked of me, and, being his guest, I could scarce refuse him.

He listened with a dilated eye, nervously closing and unclosing his hands, and I had not finished my tale when there came a great knocking at the gate. The fellow on guard sprang to reconnoitre through a Judas, but saw nothing except a riderless horse. My uncle was called, and I went with him, and the horse, upon being brought into the courtyard, was found to be Owain's nag. A torch was brought out, and I then observed a piece of slatey shale tied to its rein by a dried rush, and I took hold of it. Upon it was scratched in rude letters "I. G.," and I passed it to my uncle.

"The horse has not found its way back of itself, that is clear," said I.

Sir Arthur stared at the rudely-formed letters with all his eyes.

"And does he so, indeed?" he said, "and does he so?"

He bit his lip and looked again at the scrap of shale.

"Nephew," he went on, "do you not see the rogue's drift? He is wishful to curry favour with Owain against me. Ay, that is his idea."

"A very foolish one, then," I replied. "And in adopting such a fancy you do not compliment Master Vaughan. I am certain he would be incapable of being influenced in such fashion."

"Why the return of the horse?" called out my uncle, beating his hand upon the saddle.

"I should say," I replied, "that this Ieuan was not among the band that pursued us, that he came upon the scene within a little while, and, having no feeling of enmity against Master Vaughan, sent him his horse back."

"Why there you grant me everything!" cried out Sir Arthur, beating the saddle more vehemently, "everything you pick me out, all of you, you set me up as a mark for this band, you as good as say that I, and I alone, am the object of their resentment. And therefore, all others are to be drawn from me, to desert me, to leave me to their mercy, the mercy of a pack of wolves."

To this outcry silence seemed to me the best answer and I said nothing.

"My bane upon your foolish plotting!" he burst out, his eyes burning with venomous contempt and fury. "My hearty bane upon it. It is I who should be seeking refuge with you, and not you with me. A bane, I say, upon bungling fools who know not when to rest content in peace and safety."

(To be continued.)

Yeast: "Why is it that a loafer is like a postage-stamp?"

Crimsonbeak: "Well, I suppose it is because he seems to be stuck on the corner."

Miles: "Hello, Giles. Is it a fact that you have recently married?"

Giles: "I guess so. Facts, you know, are stubborn things."

"Why have you abandoned the typewriter?" asked the editor of the literary lady.

"Simply because I can't do any good work without chewing at the end of a lead pencil."

Maud: "When I get engaged I don't intend to have any mystery about it."

Marie: "I don't see how you can help it, dear. Every one will regard it as a mystery."

Tenor: "At the first concert in which I sang four ladies were removed from the hall in a fainting condition."

Friend: "Ah! Indeed? But you must remember your voice has improved since then!"

"Do you ever get the last word in an argument with your wife?"

"Always."

"That is surprising."

"Not at all. I get it from her."

Each spring he starts his pilgrimage
From winter's long sojourn,
And like the man upon the stage,
He does his little turn.

Our Boat Race Competition.

The official result of the boat race, as given by Mr. F. Fenner, the distance judge, was:

Winner: CAMBRIDGE.

Distance won by: 3½ lengths.

Time: 21min. 4sec.

No fewer than 199 of the competitors gave the winner, and the *actual* distance won by, but the majority of them expected the Light Blues to cover the course in less time than that officially returned. One gentleman, however, gave the time within one second, his coupon reading 21min. 3sec., and to him—

Mr. W. E. JONES,

53 Brixton Road, Stratford, E.—

is awarded our prize of £5. A cheque of £1 has also been sent to each of the witnesses to his coupon. Their names and addresses are: Mr. B. Wilcox, 55 Mansfield Road, Ilford; Mr. A. Everett, 17 Garney Road, Stratford.

Digitized by Google

Uncalled-for Jealousy.

AN ELDERLY ADMIRER.

"THEN I propose," said Hugh Waterson doggedly, "that we say 'good-bye.'"

He turned his face away from her as he spoke, as though fearful that the sight of her eyes might not tend to stiffen his resolution.

"I have pleasure," remarked Miss Stanhope, with a little touch of obstinacy in her voice, "in seconding that resolution."

He turned and walked along the passage leading to the hall of the Museum. As soon as he had gone out of the swing doors, Ethel Stanhope ran and looked through the glass windows across the gravelled yard. Pigeons were organising expeditions in search of seed; but she did not look at the pigeons. The tall spare youth whom she watched walked briskly down towards the gateway, his face set determinedly to Great Russell Street.

"If Hugh turns his head," she said to herself, "I'll wave my handkerchief and then he will come back."

Mr. Waterson's head did not turn. This was the more annoying to Miss Stanhope, as the small row was one in which Miss Stanhope had felt herself so obviously in the wrong that it had been of the first importance that she should decline to give way.

"Bother!" said Ethel Stanhope.

She returned to the big round Reading-Room and took her books back to the counter. Then she walked out listlessly and up to the First Egyptian Room.

"I'll have a look at my friend Amen-aru," she said, patting her hair thoughtfully. "*He* won't quarrel and say cross things. *He*, at any rate, is always quiet and well-behaved. I don't suppose he has lost his temper for years."

Amen-aru lay in the First Egyptian Room in his glass case, with his bound-up face and figure turned as ever to the body of a lady named Katebet reclining on the top berth in the cabinet. The label at his head was:—

MUMMY
OF
AMEN-ARU
In the service of Queen Amenartas
About B.C. 650.

A curious, investigating infant from the country, in its anxiety to see how mummies were really made, had that morning broken the glass which usually covered the end of the case.

"Poor old fellow!" said Ethel Stanhope quaintly, "I wonder whether you had a few words with your sweetheart in B.C. 650. If you have any influence with the gods, Amen-aru, make up this little dispute—will you?"

There was a catch in her voice.

"How shall I propitiate you?"

As it happened, nobody else was just then in the First Egyptian Room. It is so easy for Londoners not to go to the British Museum. Ethel Stanhope looked round, and then she did a whimsical thing.

She kissed her finger tips, and laid them for a moment on the worn linen that enveloped the head of Amen-aru. It seemed to move a little as Ethel removed her hand.

"Now for home," said Ethel Stanhope; "and an evening with the miserables."

It was striking seven as Miss Stanhope, her boots deposed in favour of neat brown slippers (slippers so attractive that they cannot be referred to calmly here), poured out tea in her small flat in Burnham Chambers.

A knock came at the door, and she stopped for a moment.

"Yes, Mrs. Cookson?"

Mrs. Cookson, entering with her cap a little awry, essayed to adjust it, causing it to give to its wearer a look of frivolity.

"A gentleman to see you, miss."

"What name, Mrs. Cookson?"

"He wouldn't give no name, miss."

"Say I am not at home," remarked Ethel Stanhope, quite definitely.

"He's an elderly gent," said Mrs. Cookson excusingly, "and he said it was on a matter of business. Seems what I might term a foreign gent, too; but he speaks just as good grammar as me or you."

"If he won't give his name," said Ethel Stanhope, "tell him I am engaged."

Mrs. Cookson withdrew. She did not close the door (landladies close the door only in summer), and directly

Digitized by Google

she had gone a tall, parchment-faced man, in a long overcoat and a large silk hat, came in. Ethel Stanhope looked hastily around to see that there was nothing in the room which was not meek for the sunken eyes of this elderly gentleman.

"How do you do?" He held out his hand. "I have had some difficulty in finding you. May I put this hat down here? It is not really mine, and I don't want it sat upon."

He spoke very slowly and pedantically, as one using a language to which he was unaccustomed.

"I will not take off my overcoat, I thank you. That also is not mine. I am in—well, rather——"

Ethel Stanhope started back as he came within the circle of light thrown from the scarlet-shaded lamp. She recognised some of the wrappings that he wore.

"You—you!" she gasped. "You are Amen-aru!"

"That fact," he said pleasantly, "has not escaped my observation. I have been asleep for a good long while, and my brain, I am happy to say, is all the fresher for it. May I sit back here?"

She sank into her rocking-chair, and the two little brown slippers went momentarily off the ground. He also sat down. He sat down slowly, as does a man whose joints are not what they were. The glow of the scarlet shade made the skin of his thin brown face the more human.

"But how did you come here?" cried Ethel Stanhope.

"I walked."

"But it all seems so hard to believe. How did you come to life?"

"That I owe entirely to you," said Amen-aru, with a slow bow. He adjusted the long overcoat over his knees. "The kiss you placed near to my lips awakened me."

"Good heavens!"

"Yes," he said, deliberately and agreeably. "Yes, they are good. It is, no doubt, a great and an exceptional boon to be able to come to life again."

"It is very awkward, though," she said. "It will lead to such a lot of trouble."

"Pardon me: I will see that no trouble arises. I shall go to Downing Street to-morrow morning to see the Foreign Office people, and——"

"How do you manage to speak English so well?"

"If you find yourself able to converse with less inconvenience," said Amen-aru gravely, "in Persian, or Median, or Assyrian, or Egyption, or——"

"English will do," she said, hurriedly.

Amen-aru inclined his head again.

"I shall get them to send me back to Egypt," he said. "I was in the Treasury of Queen Amenartâs, in the old days, and I—er—saved a good deal in one way and another. Her husband Pi-ânchi was only an Ethiopian, you see, and did not understand accounts. I gather from what I have casually over-heard in the Museum that there is some difficulty over there, and my presence might settle it."

"That's not a bad idea," said Miss Stanhope with much relief. "Will you have some tea?"

"I won't make any experiments," he said. "I shall have to be very careful of what I eat and drink for some time to come. You can, however, do something else for me. Your name is, they told me at the Museum, Miss Stanhope."

"Ethel Stanhope."

"Quite so. You will understand, Miss Stanhope, that you are the only friend I have in the world at the present time. You are—you will excuse me for mentioning it—entirely responsible for my return to life."

"I am very sorry."

"That is not complimentary."

"I did not mean," said Ethel hastily, "that I was sorry that you were alive. I only meant——"

He held up a gaunt shrivelled hand for silence.

"I must not forget also that I am in your debt. I shall repay your services in a manner that cannot fail to be gratifying to you. Just at present I want to know if you can recommend me to a good hotel."

It is never easy to think of a modern hotel suitable for a man who has been used to the manners of the Twenty-fifth Dynasty. Ethel, her self-possession half restored, sipped her tea and thought. The important thing was to get rid of Amen-aru with all convenient dispatch. She rang for Mrs. Cookson.

"For this gent?" inquired Mrs. Cookson, inclining her head to Amen-aru. "Well, now, let me see."

Mrs. Cookson looked at Amen-aru as though she were measuring him for an hotel that would exactly fit him.

"Most foreign persons go Shaftesbury Avenue way. Is your friend French, may I ask, miss?"

"This gentleman is from Egypt, Mrs. Cookson."

"Fancy that! Been in England long, sir?"

Amen-aru answered that he had been in England for some time.

"It's a long journey," said Mrs. Cookson in tones of commiseration. "I know what it must be only from going to Clacton by the boat."

Ethel Stanhope recalled the garrulous housekeeper to the subject immediately under discussion, and Mrs. Cookson puckered her brows thoughtfully.

"I don't think you can do better," said Mrs. Cookson, "than go to Farebrothers', sir. Most respectable family hotel jest off Southampton Row, where you get all the comforts of a home. Mention my name to Mrs. Farebrother, and tell her I sent you, and that woman'll look after you as though—well, just as though, in a manner of speaking, she was your own mother. She's one of those women who take a reg'lar sort of interest in——"

"Farebrothers', did you say, Mrs. Cookson?"

Mrs. Cookson spelt the name with some want of luck.

"If you will excuse me," said Ethel, rising, "I will put on my hat and coat and see you there."

"You are very good," said Amen-aru.

Mrs. Cookson enlivened the time, in the temporary absence of Miss Stanhope, with reminiscent jest and story anent foreign gentlemen, who had taken chambers which were under her control, and had behaved in divers eccentric ways. Ethel, on her return, found Amen-aru, oblivious of Mrs. Cookson's monologue, looking at a portrait.

"Your brother?" he inquired.

"That," she said, flushing a little, "is Mr. Hugh Waterson. He is a barrister."

"He is young and well-looking."

Somehow, in spite of the great row of this afternoon, she could not help feeling gratified at this encomium. Mrs. Cookson bowed herself out after spelling (with increased want of success) the name of the hotel.

"He is the best fellow in the world," she cried.

Amen-aru would have raised his eyebrows if he had possessed any.

He was silent for a moment.

Digitized by Google

"This is your hat, I think," she said. She noticed that it bore inside the inscription Samuel Smithson, the name of a Museum attendant. "If you will go out first I will turn down the gas."

"I had much difficulty," he said, "in unrolling a sufficient portion of my covering. It was so hard to get my arms free; and there was a risk of an attendant coming at any moment, and that would have necessitated an explanation."

They turned into Great Russell Street.

"I hope," said Ethel, "that you will not mention my name when you do explain the matter."

"You may rely upon that," answered Amen-aru. "But it does not follow that I shall ever forget you."

"I don't ask you to forget me," she said brightly.

"If you did I should be forced to disobey the command," said Amen-aru. "There was once a Greek girl who came with her family, owing to the encouragement given to her countryfolk by Psammetichus, and I remember feeling very tenderly towards her. But that, of course, is all over now. Is this the Museum?"

The great electric lights in their globes of china sent a mist of white light over the yard, and athwart the road in front of the Museum.

"Look up at me," said Amen-aru.

She looked up at the brown weazened face.

"I am going to make you," he said, setting the incongruous silk hat more firmly on his head,—"I am going to make you my wife."

"No, no!" said Ethel, taking her arm away.

"My wife," he said firmly. "You kissed me, you know."

"Indeed, that was only done thoughtlessly."

"This that I do now," said Amen-aru, "is well considered."

He stopped. Before she could guess his intent, he had kissed her with his thin withered lips.

"Thus," he said, with an air of dignified friendship—"thus do I return——"

He stopped suddenly, with an amazed, affrighted air. They were near to the big iron gates of the Museum. A few people were going in for the evening opening.

"You should not have done that," cried Ethel.

"Indeed, no. I have returned the kiss which brought me to life. I feel the old somnolence coming. Won't you please, *please*, give it me again?"

"I cannot," she said.

"Then I must go back?"

"If you don't mind."

The gaunt figure in its queer costume turned. It hesitated a moment, and then walked up the flagstones, and Ethel saw it ascend the steps slowly.

It disappeared into the Museum.

"Ethel!"

She turned at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Hughie," she said.

"Who is that?" demanded Mr. Hugh Waterson.

"An old—a very old—friend," she said.

He gave a whistle of relief.

"Dear little girl," said Mr. Hugh Waterson, "I was all wrong about that affair this afternoon."

"So was I," said Ethel readily.

"And I don't think I knew how very much I loved you until I saw you with this—this old friend. I find that I care for you more than I can express."

"Very well, sir," said Miss Stanhope delightedly. "Don't you go and forget it again."

George Mortimer.

"Thou shalt not—"

IS THE TITLE OF A SERIAL STORY WHICH WILL COMMENCE IN THE

"SUNDAY READER"

DATED APRIL 22nd.

"Thou shalt not—"

This is the striking title given to one of the most daring and remarkable stories ever written—a story of an entirely original character, and one which contains a powerful lesson for every Christian man and woman in this land to-day. The opening chapters will be found in the Sunday Reader of April 22nd.

"Thou shalt not—"

contains dark pictures of life, but every one of them is drawn from life, and is true in every detail. It is a story of suffering and sacrifice undergone for the sake of right and truth, and the lesson of it is that such suffering and sacrifice may not only atone for sin and error, but may also earn their reward even here on earth. From beginning to end it contains no word or suggestion which could cast a shadow across the whiteness of the purest mind. It is at once a romance full of human interest and a life-picture from the contrast of whose lights and shadows lessons of deep moment may be learnt by all who take the world as something other than a place to eat, drink, and be merry in; who look upon it as the scene of thoughts and actions, of loves and hates, of deeds good and evil, bounded by the brief span of human life and yet being, in very truth, the field where are sown the seeds from which will spring the wheat or the tares which, for each man and woman, will hereafter produce the Harvest of Eternity.

The writer of

"Thou shalt not—"

who, under the pen name of Mrs. Stanton Morich has chosen to veil an identity well known to the reader of contemporary literature, pleads, through the lips of "Miss Skittles," for such even-handed justice for herself and her sisters in sorrow as was meted out by Him who uttered the eloquent rebuke, "Let him that is without sin among you first cast a stone."

"Thou shalt not—"

COMMENCING IN THE

SUNDAY READER

for April 22nd. Price One Penny.

Digitized by Google

.. From Prairie and Backwoods. ..

III.—A BACKWOODS IDYLL.

He was well known in all parts of the Cohutta Valley, although he had no possessions to make him conspicuous among the humble people of that sequestered spot. None of them ever wore as shabby clothing as he, or was so slovenly in appearance.

He hardly knew the name of a hair-brush or a comb, nor had his bearded face ever felt the touch of a razor. His toes were always protruding from his worn-out shoes, and his ragged trousers seldom had anything to hold his braces on to them except a thorn, a sharpened stick, or a nail.

People did not give him credit for having an independent thought; and yet when alone he always walked with his head hung down, and was known to sit for hours by himself in the moonlight on pleasant summer nights, or in the bright sunshine of a winter's day.

They had given him the nickname of "Ring Joe," because when he spoke—which he rarely did under any circumstances—he had a trick of moving his right hand in a circle before the person or persons he was addressing. Although he was constantly laughed at for this habit, he seemed unable to break himself of it.

He was ugly, as a matter of course. His hair was long, of a yellow shade and always unkempt, and his finger-nails were uncared for. He was never known to show the slightest indication of anger at the many practical jokes that were constantly being played upon him. He never smiled, except when someone did him a kindness—then his blue eyes shone, and his features underwent a change.

He was a farmer like most of the other inhabitants of the valley, and no one disputed that he was a very hard worker. He lived alone in a cabin on the land he rented and cooked his own meals. He never asked the advice of his neighbours about the planting, the reaping, or gathering of his crops; and yet he seldom failed to do as well in his undertakings as any of the others, who seemed unable to make a move without first consulting somebody about its advisability.

He attended the meetings regularly at the little log church, a few miles from his cabin. Not a few who found pleasure in meeting their friends, and inviting them home to Sunday dinners as they stood gossiping after the service was over, wondered what Ring Joe could find to draw him there to his lonely seat in the corner. He usually arrived long before anyone else, and sat under the trees, and waited for the congregation to arrive. It could not be because he was seeking religion, they said, for he had never been known to stand up for prayer, or to ask for spiritual advice. During the revivals many of them became deeply interested in religious subjects; some openly requested the prayers of the church, and some shouted aloud and declared that they were blessed, were born anew, and felt they would not sin again; but Ring Joe sat unmoved in his corner, and even looked frightened when the sisterhood came to plead with him to take more interest in the meetings.

Now and then someone would laughingly say that he was not the fool he looked. One old woman said that it was her opinion that Joe had never got over the death of his mother—that he had never loved any other except her.

When he went to the corn-shuckings he sat apart from the rest of the people, had nothing to say about any one, but did more work than any three that were there. He never joined in the singing, nor the dancing, nor the playing of the games. But he was more ready to bring up the horses for the ladies to mount than any of the well-dressed swains present.

"It's a great pity men ain't like Joe when it comes to the treatment o' women folks. He's that mighty tender with a female that she cayn't he'p feelin' friendly to'ds 'im," said a young maiden one night after a corn-shucking, as Joe, after helping her to mount her horse, had run away to cut her a switch to use instead of a riding whip. This was Annie Wiggins, one of the prettiest girls in all the valley.

"Much obliged to you, Joe," she said, smiling down upon him as he handed her the switch. "Why don't you come over now and then? Yore cabin ain't so mighty fur from our'n. I tuk notice in passing t'other day that you wuz gettin' yore wheat groun' in powerful good order. Pap seed it, too, an' 'lowed you al'ays did keep your fences up mighty well. I wouldn't mind the way those folks go on. Nobody well raised ain't gwine to be eternally ding-dongin' at anybody like they do at you. Will you come over sometime?"

He grew blood-red beneath his matted hair. His toil-hardened hands began to make helpless revolutions. For an instant his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth.

Digitized by Google

"There's nobody over thar that's a-botherin' therse'ves 'boot me, I reckon," he blurted out, with his head lowered to hide his confusion.

"Well, you ort to be more neighborly," said she regarding him with a sweeping glance of concern, as her horse dashed away to join some others ahead.

Joe walked off down the road toward his cabin in the moonlight.

"I'll be blamed," he said to himself, as he sat down on a large boulder and brought Annie Wiggin's pretty face before his mind's eye. "I'll be switched ef I know what's got in me; I never in all my life felt such a quar feelin'. Now, I wonder what made her ax me to come over."

That girl's face had been his companion for years. He had gone to meetings because she went. He had gone to the corn-shuckings and the parties; gone and allowed himself to be the target of all the weak jokes that the swains could invent, in order that he might see her smile and hear her laugh. When alone in the field he was even fond of remembering how she looked when she was dancing with someone else.

He ran his fingers through his tangled hair, and looked down at the ragged mass of beard that lay on his breast. He was only thirty, and yet he might be taken for forty-five. The blood of shame suddenly flowed to his face. That very night they had taunted him about his uncouthness. They had done the same often before, but to-night it pained him inexpressibly to think that Annie had heard it.

The next day Joe's sister Martha, who lived on the other side of the mountain, was surprised to receive a visit from her brother. He sat down and was silent for a few minutes. Presently he said:—

"Martha, I've tuk a notion I'll let you cut my hair ef you don't mind, an' trim my beard a little; they are continually a-gittin' pieces o' fodder an' sech in 'em when I feed my horses. Summer is comin' on, too, an' long hair is powerful heavy an' hot."

"I don't know whether you look wuss without it ur with it, Joe," said the sister, standing off and surveying him comically, after she had divested his head and face of the greater part of such a burden. "You look like a wild pusson with 'em, now you look like a skun rabbit, ur a brown an' white spotted calf. Upon the sides o' the head whar the hair was so thick, you look as white an' clean as a new-born babe, an' a lettle furder down you look as brown as a Comanche Injun. Fur any sakes don't show yorese'f about tell you git sunburnt all over alike."

Joe surveyed his face in the little cracked mirror on the wall, and shook his head gravely.

"Th' ain't no earthly use in me a tryin' to change my looks. I'm jest a scrub an' al'ays will be. I'm as much different to the common run o' folks as a pig is from the balance o' the litter."

As he trudged homeward over the mountain, Annie Wiggins' kindly smile and pretty face were before him. His heart swelled with a sort of soothing gratitude as he remembered that no one in all the world had ever spoken to him so considerately. He wondered if he would not have grown up differently, more like other men, if his mother had lived, and if he had not withdrawn himself from them as he had done since her death. On the brow of the high hill he sat down in the sunlight. With his eyes sweeping over the beautiful landscape, memories of the past crowded before him, tears came into his eyes.

Ever since he could remember people had laughed at him and called him silly and ugly, and never made an equal—and yet there were times when he felt an inward consciousness that he was not the intellectual inferior of many who made sport of him.

"Why don't you come over now and then? Your cabin ain't so verry fur from our'n."

Those had been Annie's words to him. How did she happen, out of all the ranks of men and women who despised him, to speak so considerately? Could it be that she had read the worshipful glances he had been casting at her for years, and taken pity upon him? The yellow sunlight shone like a divine benediction of Heaven on all the far-reaching valley. He arose and walked slowly onward. He would pass the spring branch, where she usually went on that day of the week to wash for her people. He did so long to see her now.

She was there under the spreading foliage of a beech tree, looking more bewitching than ever, with her plump arms exposed, and her wealth of hair flowing over her shapely shoulders.

"Howdy, Joe!" she exclaimed. Then she laughed aloud and with good-natured merriment as she saw the changed condition of his hair.

"I wouldn't aknowed you, 'cep' fur yore walk. Well, Joe, it's an improvement an' no mistake. It gives you a sorter quar look, but you look sprucer than you did before."

"I got my sister Marthy to do it," said he, ringing the air with his hand and blushing deeply.

The smile slowly vanished from her face. She wrung out her white sheet with a grimace caused by the strain on the muscles of her arms; she spread it broadly to the breeze, and then hung it over the bush to dry; she paused for a moment and looked at him, but she did not catch his eyes.

"Joe," said she, growing pale, and with a serious, firm expression about her mouth, "Joe, I git out of all patience with you. What sort of a man are you, anyway? You've got more in you than half o' these no-account fellers in this valley, an' yit you let 'em run over you dry-shod an' trample you in the earth. You are fur frum bein' a fool, an' yit they all try to make you one an' you 'low 'em. Ever since I seed you a-runnin' back'ards an' for'ards fur medicine an' the doctor when yore sister wuz sick, a-givin' yore self ten times as much trouble on her account as her own husband—ever since then I've been of a notion that any woman 'u'd do powerful well to have you to look arter her through her nat'ral life. There's too precious few men of your sort, an' too blessed many that'll leave a sick woman an' go off an' git drunk. Heaven deliver me from such a fate. I git so sorry fur you a'-livin' in yore lonely cabin by yorese'f, 'thout a woman's han' to do a turn fur you. You're done me an' pap many a good turn, an' I wish I could pay you back. Why do you live alone?"

He had turned two great staring eyes on her in surprise. He could hardly believe she was speaking of himself; he had been such an outcast for so long and had been the butt of so much ridicule that he had never dreamed that any one, she the very least of all, could find even the shadow of a good quality in him. She seemed to him to be an angel from above, bidding him hope when he had thought for so long that the doors of all the good in the world were closed against him. He could not answer her.

She seemed moved by his surprise and emotion.

"Why do you live by yourself, Joe?" Her voice was

quite husky, and her eyes were downcast as she repeated the question.

"I hain't had nobody to live with since mother died," said he, trembling. "Martha hain't no room fur me in her cabin. I mought jest as well peg 'long by myse'f."

"Did you never think of marryin', Joe?"

"No!"

"Why?"

He was sitting on a log. He hung his roughly shorn head, and his funnel-shaped hat, much too big for him since his hair was cut, fell into his lap. Why had he not thought of marrying? He had never had a thought of such a purpose but to one woman in all his life, and she was so high above him as the stars were from the earth. He might as well have thought of grasping the planet Venus as marrying her. His heart felt like a benumbed lump in his breast, as he ventured to look into her sorrowful eyes now sparkling with womanly tears. Those tears made her seem more angelic in his sight, but they lifted her even farther away from him. Then he swept his eyes down upon his tattered dress. It was no better than that of a beggar. His shoes were worn out, and his hands were as rough as stones. In contrast to himself she stood before his sight as the very personification of all that was graceful, beautiful and tender in creation.

He could not tell her why he had never thought of marrying. She read his thoughts and understood his silence, his humility. Her heart went out to him in a torrent of pity. His despondency wrung her heart cords.

She felt the strength of his adoration of herself even more than if he had ventured to express it in words. Her face lost all its colour, and took an expression of determination as she drew near him and sat down on the log by his side. He glanced at her then, and the blood ran into his face.

"Joe," said she, tenderly, "I believe you love me, I believe I'm the only woman in the world you ever did love, mebby the only one you ever will keer fur. It has made me happier than a queen fur a long time.

"I believe I love you with all my heart, jest as you are, 'thout a speck o' alteration. I don't know how I happen to be a-settin' here an' tellin' you, less'n it is kase you are so back'ard an' people had trod on you so long. I don't believe I could live another day an' see you troubled like you are and teased and treated like a dog among men, when not one o' 'em is fittin' to tie yore shoe-strings. I love you, an' I am proud of it."

The heavens seemed to split open before the dazed man. He essayed to speak, but his words clogged his utterance—he sat and held her soft hand in his rough one till the sun began to bleed in red rays as it sank to rest. Then Annie went to her home, and Joe to his. When he went to give his horses their evening meal in the stable adjoining his cabin, he threw his arms around their necks and hugged them in a paroxysm of joy.

Everybody in the valley was surprised beyond expression to hear that pretty Annie Wiggins was about to wed humble Ring Joe, but no more jests were passed at his expense. Indeed, they looked at him with glances of wonder mingled with respect, and forebore to call him by his nickname. He was a new man in more ways than one in their eyes. To their astonishment they learned that he had saved up quite a sum of money, and was about to buy a tract of land for himself.

Soon Joe and Annie were married. Somehow his hair and beard were always nicely trimmed, and his clothing irreproachable. They lived very happily for several years. Two children came along, and they added brightness to the cabin. Then Death threw his cold shadow upon the valley. Annie sickened and died. Sympathetic neighbours came to the bereaved husband, arranged the body for interment, and then bore it away to the little graveyard on the hillside. Joe went back to his cabin and little ones. One of them was one year old, the other two. He had lived there a long time without Annie—he would try to take up the same routine again. His hair began to grow long, and his clothing threadbare as in the past. He did not shed tears, but when he was alone he groaned out in his agony.

After a few months had gone by, his sister Martha and some of the good women in the neighbourhood began to urge him to marry again for the sake of the helpless children Annie had left behind. He hearkened to them. What they said was too true. Their advice seemed as vague to his tortured brain as a misty dream; but he began to think of following their directions as one lost in a swift running torrent of black, chilling waters might crawl upon the cold, barren shore, rather than sink and drown. They talked it in his ears from morning till night; he must do it, they said, that his motherless children might have womanly advice and attention,—he owed it to Annie's memory. They recounted the many virtues of the widow Sprague—she had tacitly given her consent to do all she could for the heart-broken man, as she, too, was alone.

He tried to look the situation over; but his mind was in a fog, he could only think as his advisers directed his mind—he yielded, leaving all arrangements to them. They almost led him to the church; he stood at the altar with his mind on the day when he had sat on the bench and looked over Annie's coffin at the minister who was preaching her funeral sermon.

He was hardly conscious of what he was doing when they drove him and his portly wife, older than himself, over to his cabin and left them. He had no realisation of what had taken place. He had a faint remembrance that his friends had promised that all would be for the best, and he wondered how long it would be ere the pain would be taken from him.

The new wife went into the cabin and began to cook his supper, it was then dusk. Joe sat down and took his two children up in his arms. He rocked back and forth with their soft faces against his bearded cheeks, and watched the woman's movements as she busied herself about the fireplace. Close, and still closer he pressed his little ones to his breast. His heart was swelling almost to bursting. The older child put up her little hand and softly stroked his beard. In her face the flickering firelight showed him Annie's features. Gently he put them down, and went outside.

The moon was just beginning to rise—a mighty ball of fire over the hill-tops. His steps were unsteady as he wandered across the fields. He endeavoured to centre his confused thoughts upon something—anything. He leaned upon a rail-fence,—his features lighted up with indescribable tenderness. Annie was not dead—she was alive.

They were under the beech tree, she and he, where she had first opened to him the gates of earthly bliss. He saw again the dying sunlight. He felt the first warm touch of her pulsing hand,—her warm breath on his face. Ah! he had kissed her red lips there in the gloaming hour,—her beautiful tresses had mingled with

his coarse beard. On flew his thoughts. Unspeakable happiness—she was his wife, the mother of his children, whose tiny hands bound him and her even closer together, bound his soul to her soul. He saw her in the firelight in his cabin seated by his side.

The moon climbed high up in the heavens, and had grown pale and small. His limbs were stiff with the dampness and coolness of the night, but the pictures of the past kept his blood warm, and his heart quickly beating.

His mind glided on. Annie sickened and died. He started. Dead? Gone from him for ever? Impossible! and yet over there on the hillside was her grave—he had seen her dead face in her coffin. And her children! Great Heavens! they were in the care of another woman as different from their own mother as a stone is from a flower. That woman was even at that moment waiting and wondering what his absence betokened.

He ground his teeth in agony. His breath came and went from his chest like that of a wounded, dying beast. Something seemed to press down upon his brain and drive every human thought, every idea of conventionality.

He was an animal. The agents of fate had behemmed him in, and were goading the thought of his young being in danger.

Annie's children—poor helpless innocents!—were at that moment under the care of a woman who had taken Annie's place. She would sit in Annie's chair the one to which he had put rockers of his own making. She would sit at the same table where Annie had eaten. His blood ran cold—she would sleep that night in Annie's bed, the bed from which she departed for the other life—he felt as if he were turning to stone.

He stumbled over the ploughed ground, and through the woods to the cabin. A candle was burning on the dining table; his new wife was sitting by the fire. She looked up into his face at first with a show of resentment and then with affright. At the stony look and glaring orbs, she cast down her eyes and said not a word. The children ran to him and clutched him with their tiny hands—on their faces were traces of tears. He took them into his arms and held them tightly, then he turned out into the night without a word to the silent, wondering wife. He strode across the meadow, the children fast asleep on his shoulders, and began to climb the mountain. He would pause now and then to rest and then go laboriously onward again.

Just as dawn was breaking he descended the opposite mountain side; and, as the first glinting rays of sunlight began to touch the valley, he arrived at his sister's house. She looked up in surprise as he appeared at the door, and intuitively comprehended the situation. Her heart melted. Martha put no questions to him, but made him come in and sit by the fire. She took the children, still asleep, from his stiff arms, and put them to bed. Then she told herself that she had made a mistake in inducing him to get married again; and she said, as she tucked the covers around the little ones, that her brother's children should never leave her. She would give them a mother's love.

Her tears flowed freely as she saw his head sink upon his breast. "He is asleep," said she, and her heart went out to him as it had never done before. When she had finished cooking the breakfast, she went to him to wake him. She touched him tenderly, but he did not wake up.

Ring Joe was dead.

FREE TO YOU.

GOLD WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

To advertise our beautifully illustrated story magazine *Homeland*, we have, during the past few months, Given Away hundreds of pounds in cash prizes and more than fifty thousand watches and other presents to our subscribers. We now have a novel and pleasing proposal to make to readers of this paper who have not yet subscribed to *Homeland*. If you want a beautiful watch, now is your opportunity. For a very short time, to make our paper more widely known, we are freely giving away handsome gold watches and chains of the retail value of £5 5s. to subscribers. We cannot do this for long, and when our present sale has been sufficiently increased, we must cease to do so. For this reason we cannot send these presents to Colonial and foreign subscribers.

Send a postal order for 1/6 to pay for one year's subscription to *Homeland*, and we will at once **send as a free gift** a handsome 18-carat gold-cased **Watch Chain and Charm** complete. Remember this is for a short time only. We have only a limited number to give away free, so send at once, but your subscription will be returned if sent too late to secure this free gift.

The magazine will follow month by month for twelve months by post, but you get this wonderful present at once.

If you wish us to send it specially packed in strong box by registered post we will do so if you send sixpence extra (that is a postal order for 2/-), as an article like this should be registered to insure absolutely safe delivery.—Address, *Homeland* Offices, (86 Dept.), 118 & 119 Newgate Street, London, E.C.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

SALE NOW OVER SIX MILLIONS YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

THE ARTFUL FISHERMAN.

ONE day last September a camp fire burned brightly on the north shore of Lake Superior, at a point a few miles west of the mouth of Pigeon River. Every evening three of my friends and I sat around the fire to smoke after-supper pipes. When the pipes were glowing, the incidents of the day's hunting were lovingly dwelt upon, and hunting and fishing stories were told. One night, when I returned to camp from the dark, clear waters of Lake Superior without the "whales" that I had boastfully alleged I would catch, one of my comrades, whose hair was white, and whose form was slightly bent with age, looked through keen black eyes at me, and then looked beyond me at the past, and smiled pleasantly at the scenes which he conjured up.

"Frank," he said, "you can handle a double-barrelled shotgun fairly well for one of your age, and you can catch black-bass and brook trout when they are hungry. But you do not possess knowledge of lake trout, nor do you know how to catch them. I'll tell you a story, and then I hope that you will realise that to catch lake trout requires intelligence as well as bait," and he added, rather savagely for so aged and usually good-natured a sportsman, "and, my boy, bull-head luck don't count in lake trout fishing."

He said: "When I was a young man" (he is over seventy) "I spent a season in prospecting for copper mines on the south shore of Lake Superior. With me was a middle-aged Indian who had spent his life in hunting and fishing and loafing in the forests and on the waters of the lake region. He knew the wilderness thoroughly. He knew where the deer and moose lived.

"He knew in which lake the wild waterfowl could be found, and he knew where trout, pickerel, and black bass lurked in dark, cold water. He possessed all desirable knowledge relative to the region. One night, when we sat by the camp fire, the Indian was in a talkative, confidential mood. He said: 'In that lake,' indicating Lake Superior with a backward toss of his head, 'are very large trout. About three miles from here there is a reef in the lake where the water is not over fifty feet deep.

"'The trout gather on this reef in large numbers. They are always there, but they will not take the hook excepting in certain seasons. If you could catch one of these fish you would never again eat a pickerel.' Then he told of catching trout on this reef that were from three to four feet long, and that must have weighed from twenty to thirty pounds. Of course, I wanted to catch and eat one of these fish. The next day he paddled me to the reef. I fished for hours, but caught nothing.

"That night I thought out a plan. The next morning I sent to the settlements for supplies, and in the list of articles needed was a fish globe, and I wrote to my agent to be sure to send me the globe. In due time the globe arrived. I filled it with water, caught a few minnows, and put them in it. Then I tied a piece of cloth over its neck, first pulling out one half of the threads so that water could flow in and out. I tied a short rope to the shank of the globe and a heavy fish line around its neck. To the loose end of the short rope I tied a heavy stone for an anchor. I put a short, dry log in the canoe, and was ready to set my bait. The Indian watched my preparations with silent scorn. Catch lake trout with a glass jar! The scheme was too absurd to be worthy of a warrior's consideration. The savage had had a low opinion of me before.

"But now I had lost all caste. He reluctantly paddled me and my childish traps to the reef. He grunted, pig-like, when I spoke to him. Words were not to be wasted on such as I.

"Arrived over the reef, I carefully lowered the stone anchor and the minnow jar, where the stone struck the bottom, and pulled the line taut and tied it to the little log which I had thrown overboard, and which was sufficiently buoyant to support the globe that was suspended in the water about 4ft. from the bottom.

"I believed that the lake trout would see the minnows, that they would try to catch them, that their repeated failures would make them ravenous, that they would actually rub their noses against the glass until they became sore, and that, when I was ready to fish, they would be keen to bite. I laughed when I had the bait fixed to my satisfaction, and the Indian looked at me through keen eyes, as though he thought I had finally gone crazy.

"I did not visit the reef for two days. Then I said: 'Come, Henry, we will go catch some trout.' I took my lines, and a pail of minnows for bait, and bade the Indian get the canoe ready. He reluctantly obeyed. Arrived at the buoy, I baited a hook and dropped the line. I felt the sinker strike the bottom, and then I felt a mighty tug on the line. The fish dashed for the deep water. The Indian knew that I had hooked a fish just as quickly as I did, and he thrust his paddle in the water, and we followed the fish so as to get away from the buoy line. Then I pulled the fish in. No artistic playing with an eight-ounce rod, but just heavy hand-over-hand pulling. The fish weighed twenty pounds. The Indian's eyes blazed with excitement. He struck his open mouth with open palm to express his astonishment, and quickly paddled me to the buoy.

"Again I dropped the line. Again the bait was instantly grabbed and the eager fish darted off. We followed till beyond danger of entanglement with the buoy line, when the fish was pulled into the canoe. The fish were as twins. Two were sufficient to supply my party with food, and I refused to catch more, much to the disappointment of the Indian, who wanted to load the canoe. Every other day after that the Indian—now most respectful in his manner and speech—and I caught from two to three trout. They were the best fish I have ever eaten.

"When I left the region, not having found a copper mine, the Indian begged for the globe, saying; 'Give it to me. I will caché it in the forest. When I want trout I will set it and catch them. No other Indian who lives on the shores of the great lakes can catch these trout out of season. I will be a great man, and may be I will become a chief. At any rate, I will be strong medicine.' So I gave the globe to him, and left one happy savage in the north woods."

I considered that a good story and a true story, and I resolved to imitate my aged comrade. So, on the following morning, I rigged up my glass sugar bowl, filled it with minnows, and anchored it in the lake, and the next day I fished there and never got a bite. I hauled in my bowl and rowed to the shore, and said nothing about my failure, but I silently denounced my aged comrade as one who exaggerated the successes of his youth.

JAMES RUBY.

Digitized by Google

PAMPHLET AND ADVICE FREE

Every man and woman in search of HEALTH should write without delay for the NEW MEDICAL WORK, *Health, the Sunshine of Life*, which will be sent POST FREE to any address on application. The treatise contains full particulars of the treatment of the various ills that flesh is heir to. It also contains a selection from the thousands of testimonials received in favour of the ELECTROPATHIC BELT. ADVICE FREE of charge (personally or by letter).

Note address, and write to

THE MEDICAL BATTERY CO., LTD.,
489, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

NOSE MACHINES. Worn by Doctors. Ugly Noses re-formed in a few weeks. Particulars for stamp. Red Nose Cure, medically approved, 3/9. Pamphlet "Cause and Prevention," 1/-. Blackhead Cure, 2/9. Greasy Skin, 1/9. LEES RAY, Specialist, X Dept., South Castle Street, Liverpool.

A SUM of from 12s. to 25s. per week can be earned in spare hours or evenings by either sex everywhere.—Send addressed envelope for particulars to Box 24, Eclipse Works, 92A Aldersgate Street, London.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED INSTANTLY BY BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay, Saves Extraction, Sleepless Nights Prevented.

Neuralgic Headaches and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

PIANOS. UPRIGHT IRON GRAND.

Complete Iron frame, Brass Pin Plate, Nickel-bolted Wrest Plank, Check Action, Full Trichord, Full Compass, Rivetted Hammers, Handsome Walnut Case, Inlaid Marqueterie Panel, Sconces, Trusses, etc. Tone and touch perfect. Guaranteed 25 years. 28 guineas, at 10/6 per month. Delivered free on payment of 10/6. Approval. Catalogues Free.

ORGANS. GENUINE AMERICAN.

Imported Direct. Solid Walnut Case, Mirror Top, Music Case, 2 Knee Swells, Mouse and Dust Proof, 8 Stops, 3 Sets of Reeds, 14 Guineas, at 6/- per month. 10 Stops, 3 Sets of Reeds, 2 Octave Couplers, 15 guineas, at 7/- per month. Illustrated Lists Free. Kindly mention this paper.

THE LONDON AND LIVERPOOL PIANOFORTE CO.,
Granby St. & Selborne St., LIVERPOOL.
Agents wanted where not represented.

PYN-KA

THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISHER

The Lustre Lasts!
Pyn-Ka Leaves no Scratches!

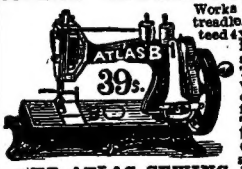
Cleans and burnishes gold, silver, plate, copper, brass, nickel, tin, glass, etc., better, quicker, and at less cost of labour and money than any other polish known.

Paste or tablets, 1d. to 6d. All dealers.

SILVER QUEEN CYCLES.

ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.
Immense stock Ladies' and Gents'. New and Secondhand. Wonderful bargains. Carriage paid. Easy payments from 10s. monthly, or large cash discount. 1 year's guarantee. *Illustrated Price Lists post free on application.* Old cycles exchanged.—THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. Ltd., 221 Tottenham Court Road, London.

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.



Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/- P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and Samples of work. 39/-

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO., 188B High St., Camden Town, London, N.W.; 63 Seven Sisters Rd., N.; 14 High Rd., Kilburn.

A MAGNIFICENT COMPLEXION GUARANTEED

By the free use of LILLIE POWDER. It nourishes, heals, soothes, and brings Health and Beauty.

Prepared from the original recipe invented by Mrs. Langtry, under the strict supervision of Her Majesty's Perruquier, Mr. W. Clarkson.

Order it of your Chemist and refuse all substitutes, as they may be injurious.

Three Tints: Blanche, Naturelle, and Rachel.

Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc.

THE LILLIE SYNDICATE,
3 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

KAPUTINE

SAFE REMEDY CURES

HEADACHE and NEURALGIA IMMEDIATELY,

And is sold by all leading Chemists in Packets of 18 Doses, 1s.

To ANYONE HAVING THE LEAST DIFFICULTY, it will be sent post free for 12 Stamps by "KAPUTINE Ltd.," Huddersfield; or, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, A. M. Kaputine, Huddersfield, you will receive a free sample.

The fact that "KAPUTINE" is recommended by many leading Medical Men, and is used in National Hospitals and Infirmaries proves that it is THE, THE recognised SAFE REMEDY FOR HEADACHES.

Refuse Substitutes and demand "KAPUTINE," the Safe Remedy. There is no substitute "LIKE IT"; nothing "AS GOOD"; nothing "SIMILAR."

KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR. KSR.

Digitized by Google

SHORT TRUTHS.

M.—You are wrong. The military custom of saluting by bringing the hand into a horizontal position over the eyebrows is thus accounted for: It is supposed to date back to the tournaments of the Middle Ages, when, after the Queen of Beauty was enthroned, the knights who were to take part in the sports of the day marched past the daïs on which she sat, and as they passed shielded their eyes from the rays of her beauty.

C. H.—Wild horses have increased to such an extent in Queensland that the animals are being shot with a view to reducing their number.

Colonist.—When a settler in the North-West Territory wants to go to Ontario to be married, the Canadian Pacific Railway sells him a matrimonial ticket at the usual rate, and, on presenting the return coupon and a marriage certificate, he is entitled to free transport for his bride.

E. G. L.—There is only one wooden church building in England to-day—a chapel, guarded by a tower over 200 years old, in Greensted Park, near Ongar.

Kate.—Perhaps Sweden would suit you. In that country women vote in the cities for municipal councillors, and in the country for members of the county council. And as the latter body appoint the members of the Upper Chamber of Diet, the women may be said to exercise a direct power in Swedish affairs.

E. T.—Warm weather decreases the consumption of bread by about one-fifth.

Figlia.—In Italy breach of promise is looked upon as a very serious offence, and if it is the girl who breaks her word and goes back from her engagement she wins the unpleasant sobriquet of "civetta" or owlet, is shunned by all the "eligibles" of her locality, and rarely succeeds in making a satisfactory match.

Veg.—Edible lily roots have long been a popular article of food in Japan, and it appears not unlikely that they may become so in Europe. A firm at Erfut has put on the market the *yumna yari*, a Japanese variety, which is perfectly hardy. It is prepared for the table like asparagus or cauliflower. There is no reason why the bulb should not be as good as its widely-spread and beneficent cousin, the onion.

Arch.—In Gothic sculpture and tracery angels are sometimes portrayed practising on the bagpipe. It was occasionally used in churches before the introduction of the organ, which occurred early in the fifteenth century.

Law.—The average cost of a criminal prosecution in Britain at present is set down by experts at £33.

E. V.—Runaway horses are unknown in Russia. No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose round the neck of the animal. When an animal bolts the cord is pulled, and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe.

A. S.—Some of the Australian aborigines dine heartily on butterflies, millions of which they devour every year.

M. A. H.—A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

Z. E.—There are three places where green snow is found. One of these spots is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another fourteen miles east of the mouth of the Obi; and the third near Quito, South America.

C. L.—Yes, a man who was to hang by the neck thirteen days and nights was the attraction at a Parisian café recently. The doctors, however, stopped the performance at the end of the fourth day, the man being in a critical condition. His name is Durand. He attained notoriety some time ago by standing on a pedestal at Marseilles for twenty-eight consecutive days.

Artilleryman.—The rage for monster cannon that has prevailed was rampant in the fifteenth century, when the great bronze cannon of Mahomet II. was cast, as well as larger pieces. One of these, firing spherical stone shot of 1,100lb. weight, is preserved, with specimens of the projectiles, in the Rotunda at Woolwich.

D. I.—There is an easy, simple way to tell if a diamond is genuine. Make a small dot on a piece of paper with a lead pencil, and look at it through the diamond. If it shows but a single dot the diamond is genuine. If it shows more than one, or the mark appears scattered, it is false, no matter what it cost.

B. A.—Balloon racing was a form of petty gambling on the Continent a short time back. A number of toy balloons were set off at the same time, each bearing a post-card having on it the umpire's address, and a request to the finder to note the time and place of the balloon's arrival. Bets were made and the stakes awarded on the result of the replies received within a week. The balloon that travelled the greatest distance in the shortest time got the prize. Your friend refers to this sport.

T. R.—The Sultan of Turkey not only has a rigid censorship of the Press, but he has ordered that no newspapers be published until the afternoon, so that the censors will not have to forego their morning nap in order to supervise them.

Oys.—In North Dakota there is a hill, 200 feet in height, formed almost entirely of oyster shells. At Castle Hill, near Newhaven and not far from Brighton, there is a layer of oyster shells just under the turf. The layer is several feet thick, and this really forms the summit of the hill.

P. M.—You mean the East Indian ship worm. It will in a few months destroy any vessel by eating out the interior of the beams and planks. They will be left a mere shell that can be shattered by the fist.

Mater.—Fruit wrapped in brown paper will stand fifteen degrees more cold than if not thus protected.

Simon.—In all the world there is in coin £716,521,000 of gold and £808,540,000 of silver.

Optics.—A white object of any size can be seen in sunlight at a distance of 17,250 times its diameter; that is to say, if it is a white ball a foot in diameter it can be perceived at a distance of 17,250 feet.

Post.—This has been done at Aixe-la-Chapelle, where women postmen have been appointed in place of men, who have been discharged. The new "postwomen" wear a black skirt, a yellow belt, and a little glazed hat with a yellow ribbon. They carry a little letter box attached to a strap slung over one of their shoulders.

T. B.—The Danube flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken. It is 2,000 miles in length, and bears on its current four-fifths of the commerce of Eastern Europe.

SHORT STORIES' ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Single column, per inch, per insertion	£0	10	0
Double ,, ,, ,,	1	0	0
Full page inside, facing page of matter, either white paper or 2nd or 3rd page of cover, or back page, per insertion	10	0	0
Half-page ,, ,, ...	5	0	0
Quarter-page ,, ,, ...	2	10	0
Eighth-page ,, ,, ...	1	5	0
Front page, whole ,, ,, ...	12	10	0
,, half	6	5	0

All spaces above one-eighth of a page are charged at per page rate.

Series discount: 5 per cent. for 13, 10 per cent. for 26, 15 per cent. for 52 insertions.

Black blocks are charged 25 per cent. extra. All advertisements are subject to approval. All copy must be sent in by Noon on Tuesday, April **18th**, if intended for the Issue on sale May **2nd**, and dated May **6th**. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

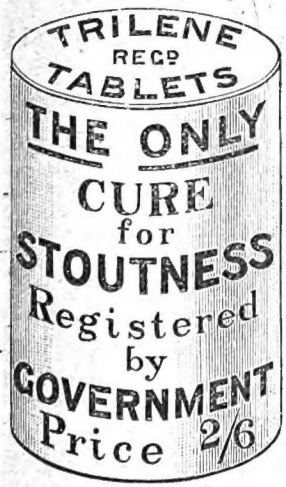
Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

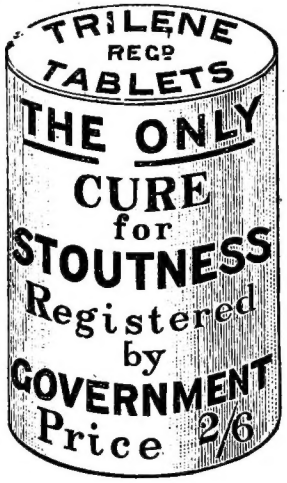
TRILENE TABLETS Regd



For a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to Improve both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of Diet.

An English Countess writes: "Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"57 Alexandra Road, Norwich, October 19th, 1896.

"Gentlemen,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them; their action was rapid, and exceeded our utmost expectations, as they were also most beneficial to the respiratory organs. My wife was many years growing so stout, but although the disease was, I consider chronic, the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, J. R. CANHAM."

MRS. DARNLEY SMITH, Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

COUNTESS SECKENDORFF, of Berlin, writes: "The Tablets greatly benefited me personally, and I am recommending them to friends."

MISS CHATTERTON, 7 Salisbury Villas, Banstead, Surrey, says: "I weighed 12st. 8lb., but am now 11st. and getting much better."

Nurse CROUCHER, at Mrs. Bennett's, 14 Buckleigh Road, Streatham, says: "I lost 9lb. from the box I took."

"77 Hindhill Street, Heywood, February 5th, 1898.

"Gentlemen,—I have not quite finished the box of Tablets and am 2lb. lighter. The change is great, and several friends are beginning the treatment, which not only reduces fat but strengthens rheumatic joints—such has been the case with me. "Yours sincerely, M. A. HEYWOOD."

Mrs. D. BURTON, of Silverleigh, Tunbridge, writes: "I am very pleased with difference in size, my friends all telling me how much thinner I am getting."

Miss NORTHLEDGE, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Extract from *The Lady*, September 3rd, 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting, or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all those pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a box of the wonderful Trilene Tablets which are quite harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing cure for obesity."

FATHER T. M. BYRNE, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary.

MRS. T. BOSTON, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, say: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mr. MCLEOD, 44, Calside, Paisley, writes: "I have been cured. If you want to know my weight now, it is 10st.; reduced 1st. 8lb., and I am quite content."

A. M. PRATT, of Ongar House, Ongar, says: "My weight is so much reduced it is unnecessary to take more. The reduction of weight was from 12st. 6lb. to 10st. 4lb."

Mrs. WHITEHOUSE, of Poplar Avenue, Edgbaston, writes: "My husband is in splendid health, and has lost 15lb. in weight since taking the Tablets; I am sure I thank you on his account."

MRS. H. COX, 28 Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, writes: "The box of Tablets has reduced my weight 1½ stones."

MR. WALKER, 236 London Road, Hazelgrove, Stockport, says: "I have used one box and am 14lb. lighter. Send another soon as possible."

Col.-Serg. WHITTLE, of East Lancashire Regt., Burnley, Lancs, says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mr. BUTLER, Surgeon, M.R.C.V.S., of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. in weight whilst taking your Tablets."

MRS E. ALEXANDER, 102 Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me quite 2 stone, and I am now quite cured."

Mrs. W. A. RADFORD, of High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, writes: "Before taking Tablets I was 40 inches round waist, now I am 32 inches. I hope soon to be 23. I could hardly move or get up, now I get about easily. Please use this as you wish."

Countess G. FURSTENBERG, of Stammheim, Germany, writes: "They act speedily and well."

The Princess LIECHTENSTEIN writes from Landsberg, Austria: "Pray send me your excellent Tablets."

Mrs. WEAVER, of Greenpits Villa, Ross, Hereford, writes: "I am reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. You may use this if you like."

MRS. CROSSLEY, of Rose Hill, Torver, nr. Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted, and cannot speak too highly in praise of Tablets. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Lady C. CONRAD writes from Wiesbaden: "I am very pleased with your Tablets."

Mrs. TAYLOR-ROBINSON, of Tweed Green House, Whalley Range, Manchester, says: "I feel so much lighter and better since taking your Tablets, and am so much thinner that I hardly recognise myself."

Miss A. LONG, of 9 South Parade, Waterford, writes: "Your Tablets have reduced me 14lb."

Miss A. DAWSON, 62 Orchard Street, Weston-super-Mare, says: "Glad to say the Tablets have sufficiently reduced me. I shall always recommend them."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

Advertisements should be sent to "Street Stories" Advertisement Department, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

BANKRUPTCY.—Re **BRITISH**

F. HODGSON & SON, of Leeds, have purchased for Reduced Sale Prices of Carpets and Hearth

REVISED PRICES

No.		Sale Price. £	s.	d.	
1.	9ft. 0in. by 6ft. 0in.	0	4	9	...
2.	9ft. 0in. by 7ft. 6in.	0	5	11	...
3.	9ft. 0in. by 9ft. 0in.	0	7	6	...
4.	10ft. 6in. by 9ft. 0in.	0	8	3	...
5.	12ft. 0in. by 10ft. 6in.	0	11	6	...

All Orders must be addressed to **F. HODGSON & SON, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

—The average cost of a criminal ecution in Britain at present is rn by experts at £33.

naway horses are unknown in No

Oys.—In North Dakota there is a hill, 200 feet in height, formed almost entirely of oyster shells. At Castle Hill, near Newhaven ... 1 7 6 ... 1 12 0

THE "MONARCH" RECORD REDUCTION SALE.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are extolled by all the Nations of the Earth.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household

Sale Price **2/-** **HEARTHRUGS** (Regd.)

In REVERSIBLE RICH TURKEY PATTERNS, measuring 6ft. long and 3ft. wide. These Hearthrugs have gained a world-wide reputation for MAGNIFICENCE, CHEAPNESS, and UTILITY, having no equal. Registered New Designs, and considered Works of Art. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three for 5s. 9d., Six for 11s. 3d., Twelve for 22s.

The "Queen's Royal" Household Carpets and Hearthrugs are patronised by Royalty, Nobility, and Clergy from all parts of the Empire.

Gigantic Sale of the "Queen's Royal" Household Reversible Rich Turkey Pattern

CARPETS (Regd.)

Trad Mark on all Goods. Beware of Imitations.

Admittedly the Cheapest Carpet in the World. *Woven without seam. Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel for excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.*

5ft. by 6ft. ...	4s. 11d.	9ft. by 13½ft. ...	16s. 6d.
6ft. by 7½ft. ...	6s. 0d.	10½ft. by 12ft. ...	18s. 0d.
6ft. by 9ft. ...	7s. 6d.	12ft. by 12ft. ...	21s. 0d.
8ft. by 9ft. ...	9s. 0d.	9ft. by 15ft. ...	19s. 6d.
6ft. by 12ft. ...	10s. 6d.	12ft. by 13½ft. ...	22s. 0d.
9ft. by 9ft. ...	11s. 0d.	12ft. by 15ft. ...	25s. 6d.
9ft. by 10½ft. ...	13s. 6d.	12ft. by 18ft. ...	30s. 0d.
9ft. by 12ft. ...	15s. 0d.	12ft. by 21ft. ...	35s. 6d.

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

Ramsden, Charlbury, 4/8/98.—Lady Hicks Beach writes: "Will Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son send her one of their 'Queen's Royal' Carpets, 9ft. by 9ft., 11s.? Cheque inclosed. The other parcel received safely, and I am pleased with it."

Colossal Sale of Rich Velvet Pile Real Brussels

Sale Price **HEARTHRUGS 5/6**

In rich Oriental and Indian Art Designs, measuring 6ft. by 3ft., which for price, real value, weight, and richness of manufacture will be found unapproachable.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Rugs, 16s.; Six for 31s.

Melville Castle, Lasswade, Midlothian, June 1st.—The Right Honourable the Viscountess Melville writes: "I am very pleased with the 'Royal' Velvet Hearthrugs to hand, and would like four more Hearthrugs. Her ladyship would also like two Velvet Carpets at 39s. one ditto 60s. 6d., to match them. Cheque £8 11s. enclosed."

COLOSSAL SALE OF RICH VELVET PILE

REAL BRUSSELS CARPETS.

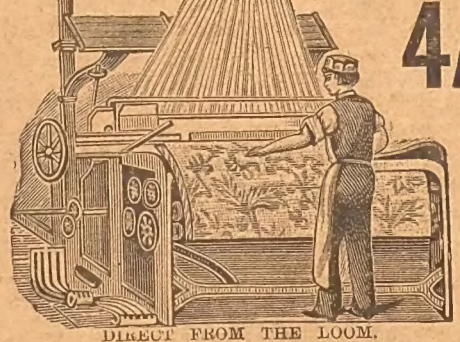
Extraordinarily Heavy, very Best Quality, Newest and Choicest Designs. In Old Gold, Sultan, Terra Cotta, Crimson, Sky, Navy, and the latest colours. With handsome border to correspond. Guaranteed to wear for years and give every satisfaction. The sizes and prices as follows (all ready for putting down):

REDUCED SALE PRICE LIST.

4½ft. by 7ft.	...	11s.	VELVET PILE BRUSSELS CARPET SQUARES.	9ft. by 12ft.	38s.
6ft. by 9ft.	...	18s.		11ft. by 12ft.	47s.
7½ft. by 9ft.	...	23s.		12ft. by 13½ft.	59s.
9ft. by 9ft.	...	28s.		12ft. by 16ft.	69s.
9ft. by 10½ft.	...	33s.		12ft. by 18ft.	77s.

Altogether superior quality, with handsome border to correspond. A marvel of excellence and beauty. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Testimonials received, giving the highest satisfaction. When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

Also **RICH VELVET PILE STAIR CARPETS,** bordered to match, 18in. wide, 1/8 per yard; 22½in. wide, 2/- per yard; 27in. wide, 2/3 per yard.



4/6

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM.

6ft. by 6ft.	2s. 11d.	9ft. by 15ft.	12s. 6d.
6ft. by 7½ft.	3s. 11d.	10½ft. by 12ft.	11s. 6d.
6ft. by 9ft.	4s. 9d.	12ft. by 12ft.	12s. 9d.
7½ft. by 9ft.	5s. 11d.	12ft. by 13½ft.	14s. 6d.
9ft. by 9ft.	7s. 6d.	12ft. by 15ft.	15s. 9d.
9ft. by 10½ft.	8s. 6d.	12ft. by 18ft.	19s. 6d.
9ft. by 12ft.	9s. 6d.	12ft. by 21ft.	22s. 6d.

REDUCED SALE PRICE.

To Readers of "Short Stories," 15/4/99, on receipt of Postal Order or Stamps, value 4s. 6d. (Regd.). We will send you THE LARGEST GENUINE REVERSIBLE CARPET in BRUSSELS PATTERN WITH RUG ever sold at the price, direct from the Looms to any address on receipt of amount. Suitable for drawing-room, dining-room, bedroom, etc., bordered and woven in Brussels patterns, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets have been already sold at double these prices.

(Cut this out.)

Special Offer—2 CARPETS and 2 RUGS, 8s.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Tab'e Linen, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if mentioning "Short Stories," 15/4/99, when writing.

PRODIGIOUS SALE OF THE PRUDENTIAL

TURKEY PATTERN CARPETS

(Regd.)

Reversible, woven throughout, bordered, richly blended in several colours to suit any furniture. These goods cannot be distinguished from real Brussels when laid down, and cannot be excelled in durability.

When ordering, please mention if for Bed, Dining, Drawing, or Sitting Room, and any particular colour preferred.

A Reversible "Prudential" Hearthrug (Regd.) to match above Carpets, sent for 1/6 extra, size 2yd. long and 1yd. wide.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Three Hearthrugs for 4/3, or Six for 8/-, or Twelve for 15/6, sterling value.

N.B.—Foreign Orders executed and packed free, and shipped at Lowest Rates. Illustrated Lists Post Free.

Telegraphic Address: "ECLIPSE, LEEDS." Cheques and P.O.'s payable to

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, **Woodsley Road, LEEDS.**

Google